

ASSASSIN'S CREED

THE FALL DELUXE EDITION



ASSASSIN'S CREED™

THE FALL DELUXE EDITION

STORY BY:
CAMERON STEWART
& KARL KERSCHL

ART BY:
CAMERON STEWART
& KARL KERSCHL

COLOUR ART BY:
NADINE THOMAS

LETTERED &
DIRECTED BY:
STUDIO LOUNAK'S
SERGE LAPOINTE



EXECUTIVE-PRODUCER:
SÉBASTIEN PUEL

PRODUCER:
JULIEN CUNY

UNIVERSE ADVISORS:
JEAN GUESDON
& COREY MAY

FOR MORE INFORMATION
ABOUT ASSASSIN'S CREED: THE FALL:
WWW.UBIWORKSHOP.COM
TWITTER: @UBIWORKSHOP


FOR MORE INFORMATION
ABOUT ASSASSIN'S CREED GAMES:
WWW.ASSASSINSCREED.COM

SPECIAL THANKS:
PATRICE DESILITS, MARK KANALZ, JOSEPH FERENCZ, GREG BARTOLUCCI,
ISABELLA AGHAKHAN-MOODJIANADI, FABRICE FERRASTIER & VOIE




UBISOFT

ASSASSIN'S CREED: THE FALL is a trademark of Ubisoft. ASSASSIN'S CREED is a registered trademark of Ubisoft. ASSASSIN'S CREED: THE FALL is a registered trademark of Ubisoft. ASSASSIN'S CREED: THE FALL is a registered trademark of Ubisoft. ASSASSIN'S CREED: THE FALL is a registered trademark of Ubisoft.




Ahh, this brings back memories.



Subject is stable and talking to the neural feeds... quite well, actually, all things considered.

Miss Clarke?




We're ready to initiate the sequence whenever you are, sir. I'm increasing the anesthetic to reduce the initial trauma of insertion.

Oh, no no no. The trauma is everything. We don't want to miss any of the juicy bits now, do we?



But oh, he's -

He's a gift, Miss Clarke. A wonderful gift, delivered to us by Lineage Discovery and Acquisition.



And now we're going to open him up and see what's inside.

EEEEAAA

АААААА

Nikolai!

Nikolai, where is he?
What is the matter?

Ask.

But...
Ask is—

I see
him in my
dreams,
Anna.

He calls to me,
pleading for me to
help him. To save him
from the gallows.

And I
cannot.

Instead I see his fear, his
desperation, as the noose
is put about his neck.

He looks to me and
raises a hand, pointing
a finger as the rope
snaps tight...

A year hence,
and tell his ghost
finds me guilty.

Hush.
I will fetch some
water.

My father wanted this life, Anna, not I. He came to this country with a dream and made the *Azovobrazhnyy* fight his cause.

I do not know if I have the strength to serve the Order of Assassins as he did.

But the Mentor himself has said that this is a time of great change. Russia will soon be strong and free from Imperial rule, an example to the world.

But I fear that I will fail our master again. And then what?

You will not fail, Kolya.

But Anna...

Aleksandr fought for the people, as you do.

He knew the importance of the mission and its fate.

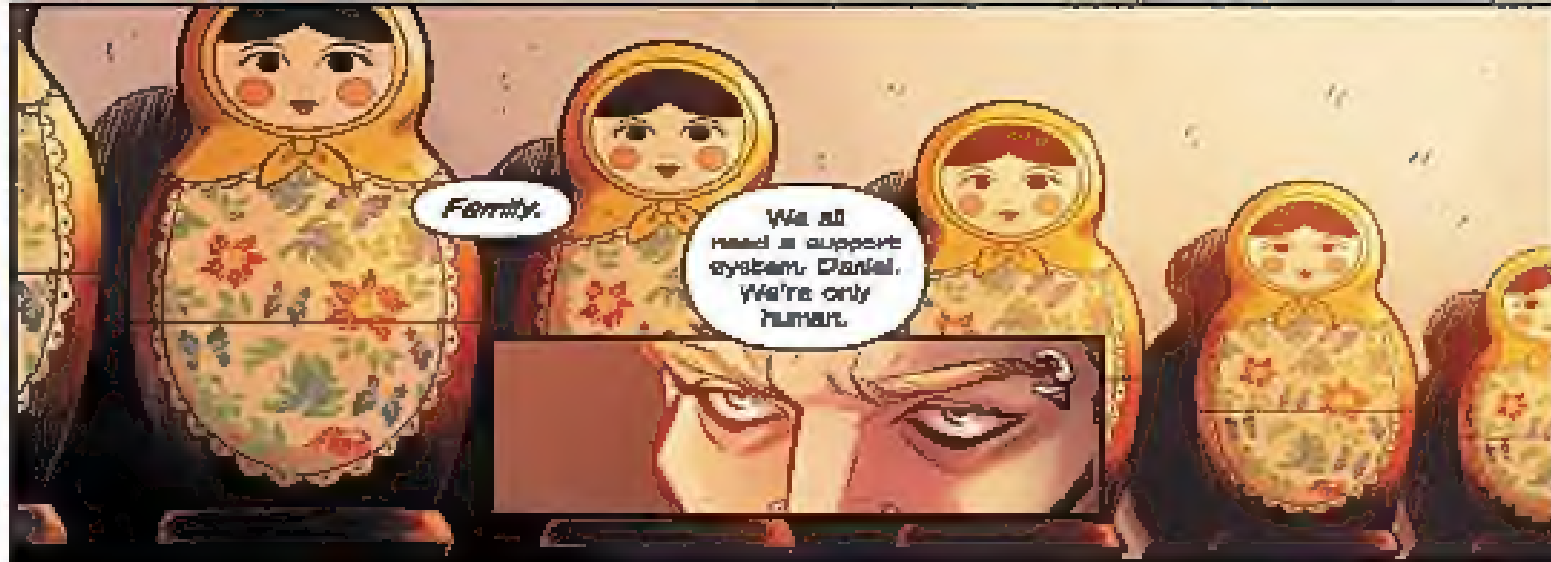
You will succeed for him. And if not for him then for his brother, young Vladimir.

And if not for them...

The Mentor has passed his instructions. Tomorrow I ride for Crimea.

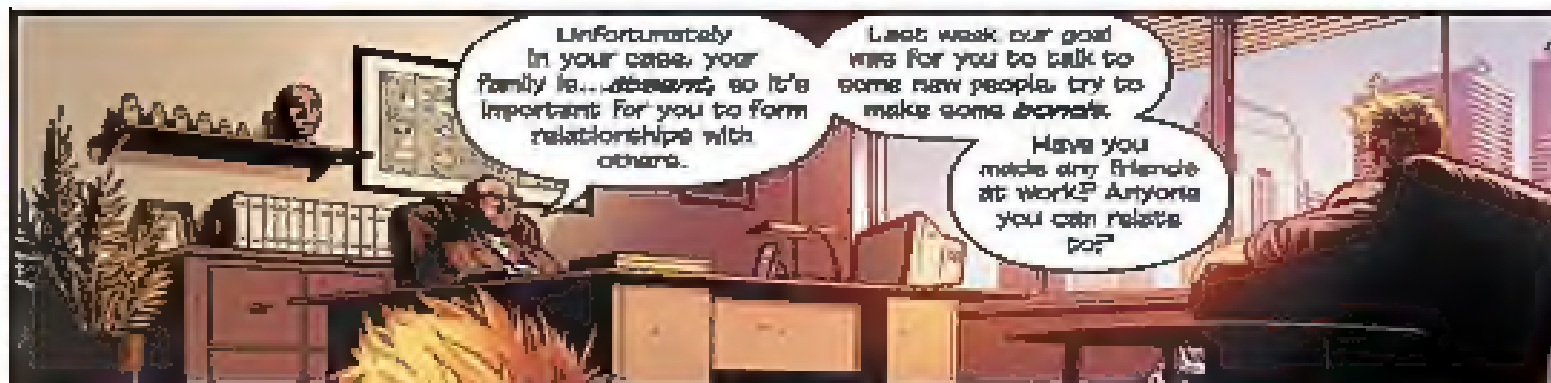
For the future.

For our children...



Family.

We all
need a support
system, Daniel.
We're only
human.



Unfortunately
in your case, your
family is...*absent*, so it's
important for you to form
relationships with
others.

Last week, our goal
was for you to talk to
some new people, try to
make some *bona*ts.

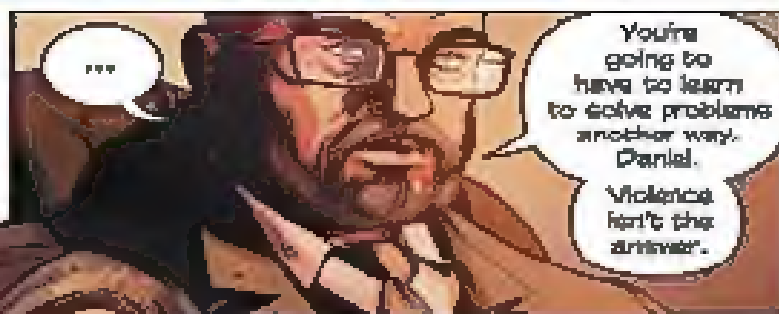
Have you
made any friends
at work? Anyone
you can relate
to?



I got into
a fight with the
store manager. He said
I was stealing fuckin' *corn*
of *potato*. He stuck his
finger in my face,
called me a *fuckin'*.

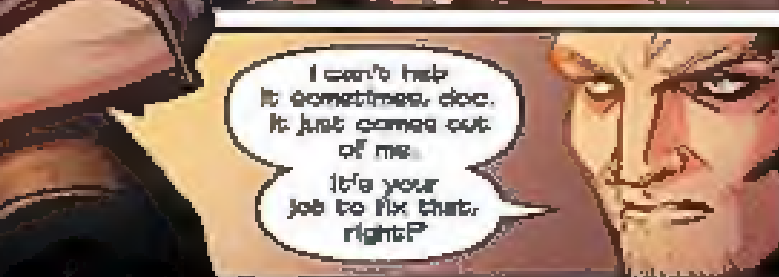
So I
punched
him.

I guess
I need a new
job.

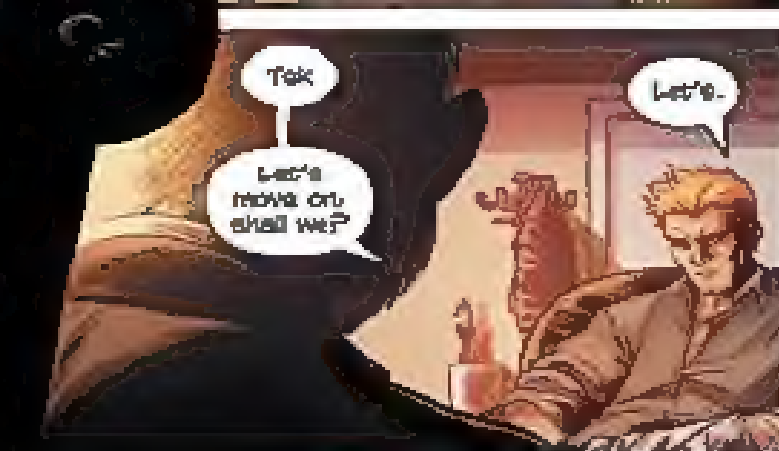


...

You're
going to
have to learn
to solve problems
another way,
Daniel.
Violence
isn't the
answer.



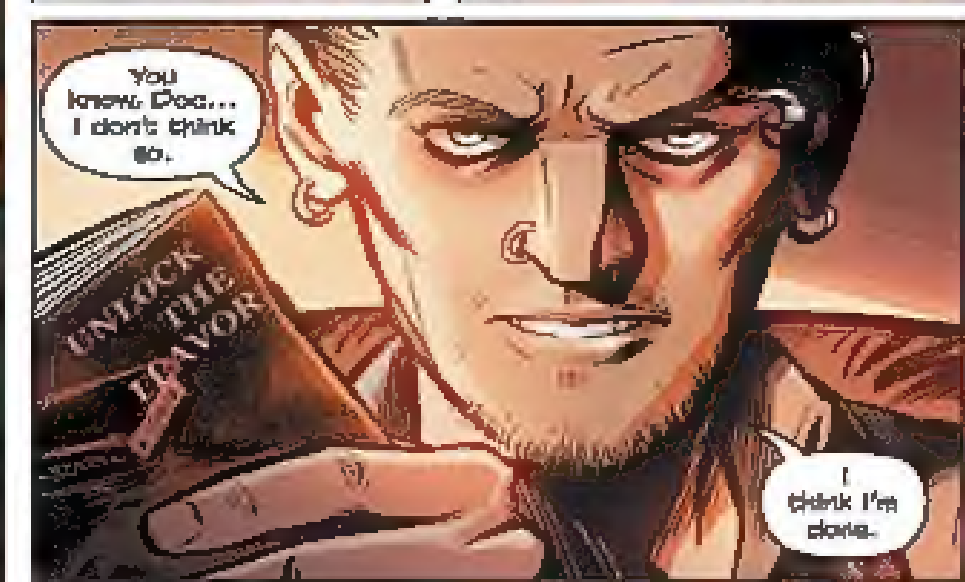
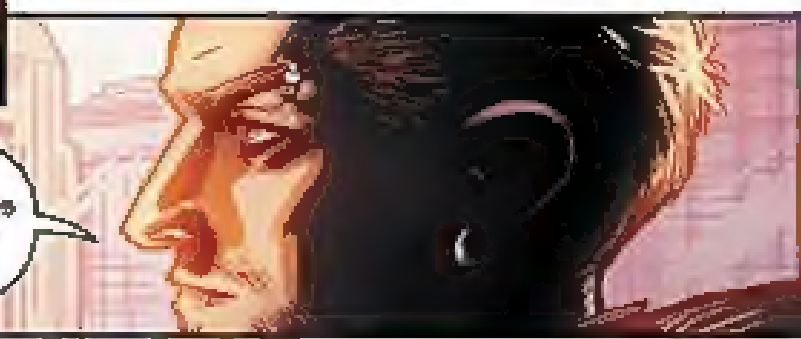
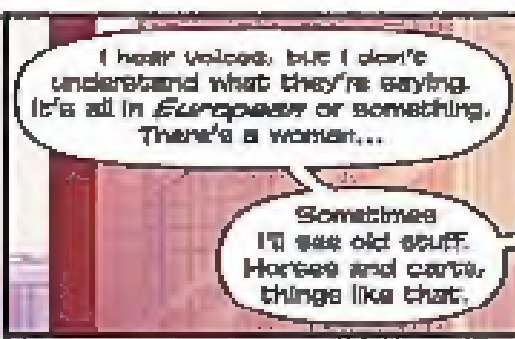
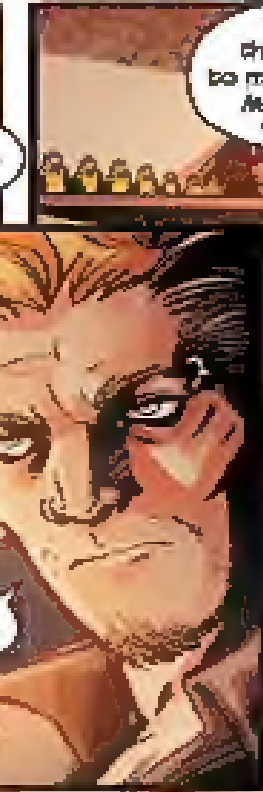
I can't help
it sometimes, doc.
It just comes out
of me.
It's your
job to fix that,
right?



Yes.

Let's
move on
shall we?

Let's.





Well, as your *court-appointed* doctor, I'm afraid you don't have a choice in the matter.

If you're uncooperative, it only takes one phone call to your probation officer...

Take the prescription.



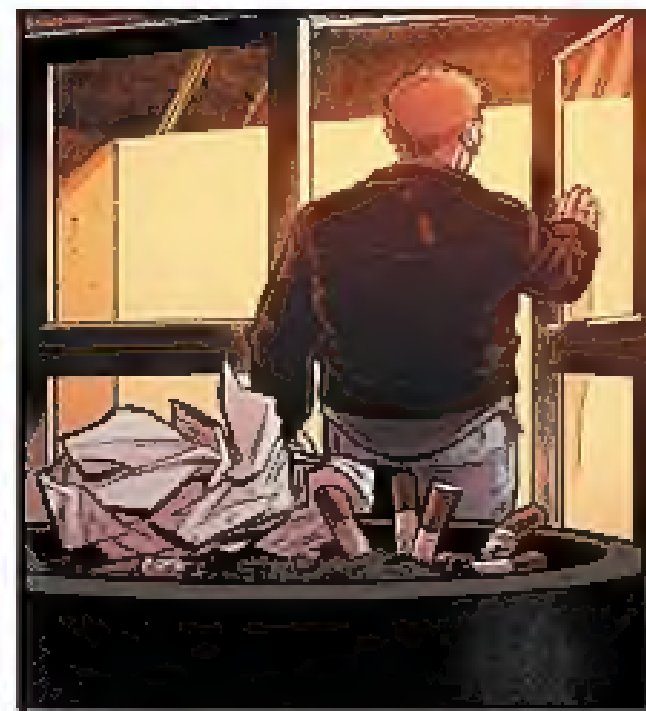
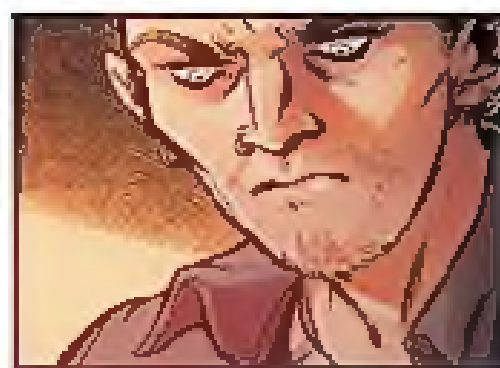
At least the drugs I took made me *feel* something.



At least the drugs I took didn't turn me into a fuckin' zombie!



I seem to recall hearing about your girlfriend - Kelly, was it? - turning into a *corpse*.



...so I told
him to shove his
prescription up
his fat ass!

You
shoulda smelt
his face!

Pucker
jackson
shrink.

So...you're telling
me that you want off
your anti-psychotic
medication.

Damn right!
I don't need
that shit!

Yeah...
you can take
your hand off
me now.

She did
crap!

Oh,
please.

With
now??

Ahahaha

Pelungoddenbecht

...goten
plis...

BUDDUMP



BUDDUMP

Uhhmm

Wahhh

Fuck

-telling you man
that chick is good
to go.

Yeah, I'm gonna put
a couple more drinks in
her just so she doesn't
change her mind, know
what I'm sayin'?

Hahahahaha

Dude,
drink
much?

What
a little
bitch

Just a little bit

HOOORLIPP

BUDDUMP

BUDDUMP

BUDDABUMP

naahh

hahh

hahh

BUDDABUMP

OCTOBER 27, 1888

FOR THE EYES OF
NIKOLAI PRELOV
OF UTHOST URGENCY
DESTINY IMMEDIATELY
AFTER READING

OUR BROTHERS IN THE ROYAL
HOUSE HAVE INFORMED US
THAT THE TSAR ALEXANDER II
WILL BE RETURNING TO
ST PETERSBURG FROM A
FAMILY RETREAT IN CRINEA
ON OCTOBER 17

THE BROTHERHOOD'S SUCCESS
WITH THE REMOVAL OF THE
PREVIOUS TSAR SO MUCH TO
PREVENT FURTHER TEMPLAR
CONTROL OF RUSSIA AND THE
NEIGHBOURING REGIONS

THOUGH IT MAY NOT BE EVIDENT TO THE
SHORT SIGHTED THE MENTOR PREDICTS
THAT WESTERN EUROPE IS APPROACHING A
CRITICAL JUNCTION THE TSAR'S CURRENT
DIRECT ON GIVES US REASON TO BELIEVE
THAT THE RUSSIAN AUTOCRACY WILL BE
STRENGTHENED RATHER THAN TEMPERED.
AS WE HAD HOPED

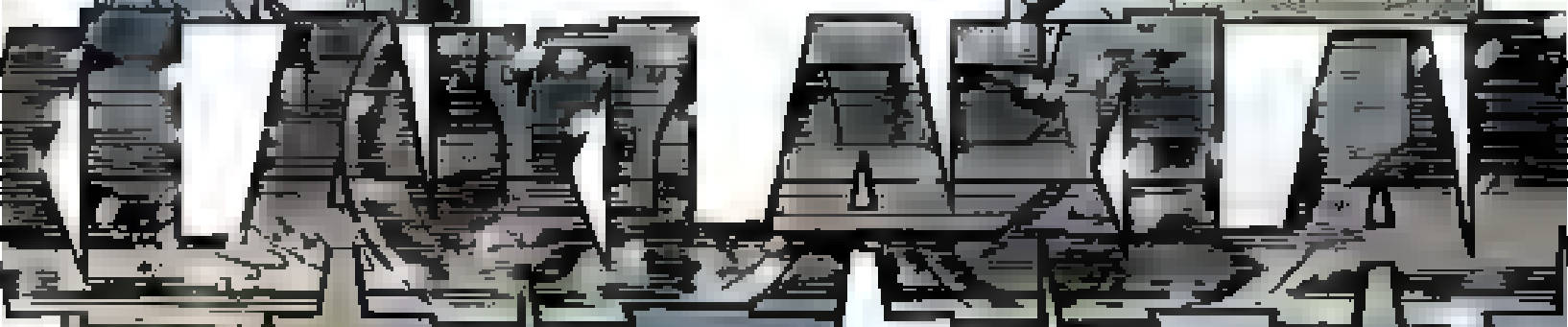
BUDDABUMP
BUDDABUMP
BUDDABUMP

PHWEEEEE

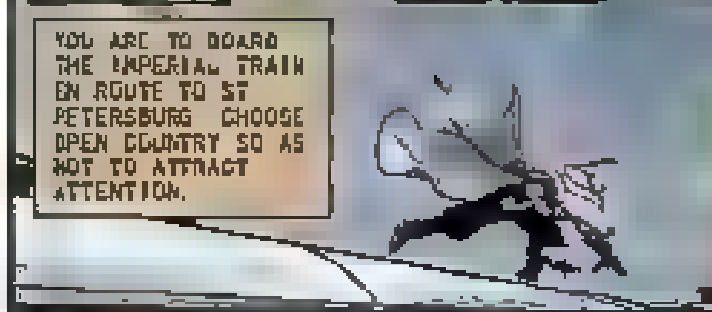
AS SUCH, WE CAN
WASTE NO TIME IN
PLAYING OUR HAND



THE MENTOR HAS
REQUESTED YOUR
SERVICE, BROTHER
GREYDY



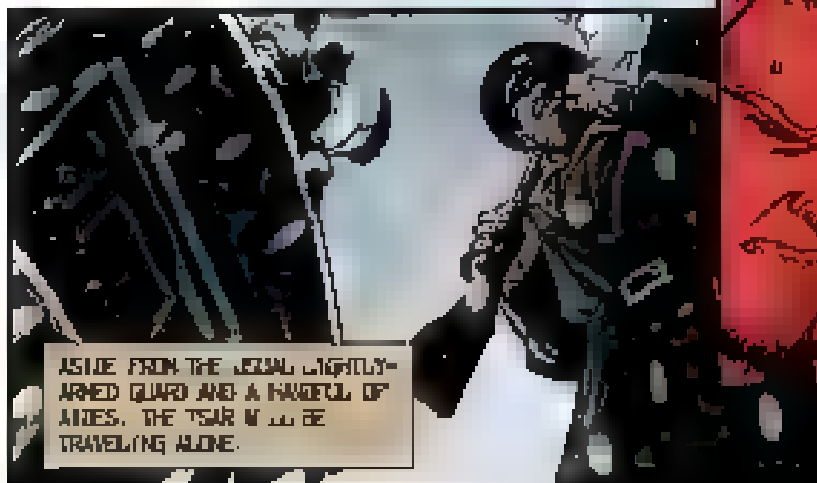
YOU ARE TO BOARD
THE IMPERIAL TRAIN
EN ROUTE TO ST
PETERSBURG. CHOOSE
OPEN COUNTRY SO AS
NOT TO ATTRACT
ATTENTION.

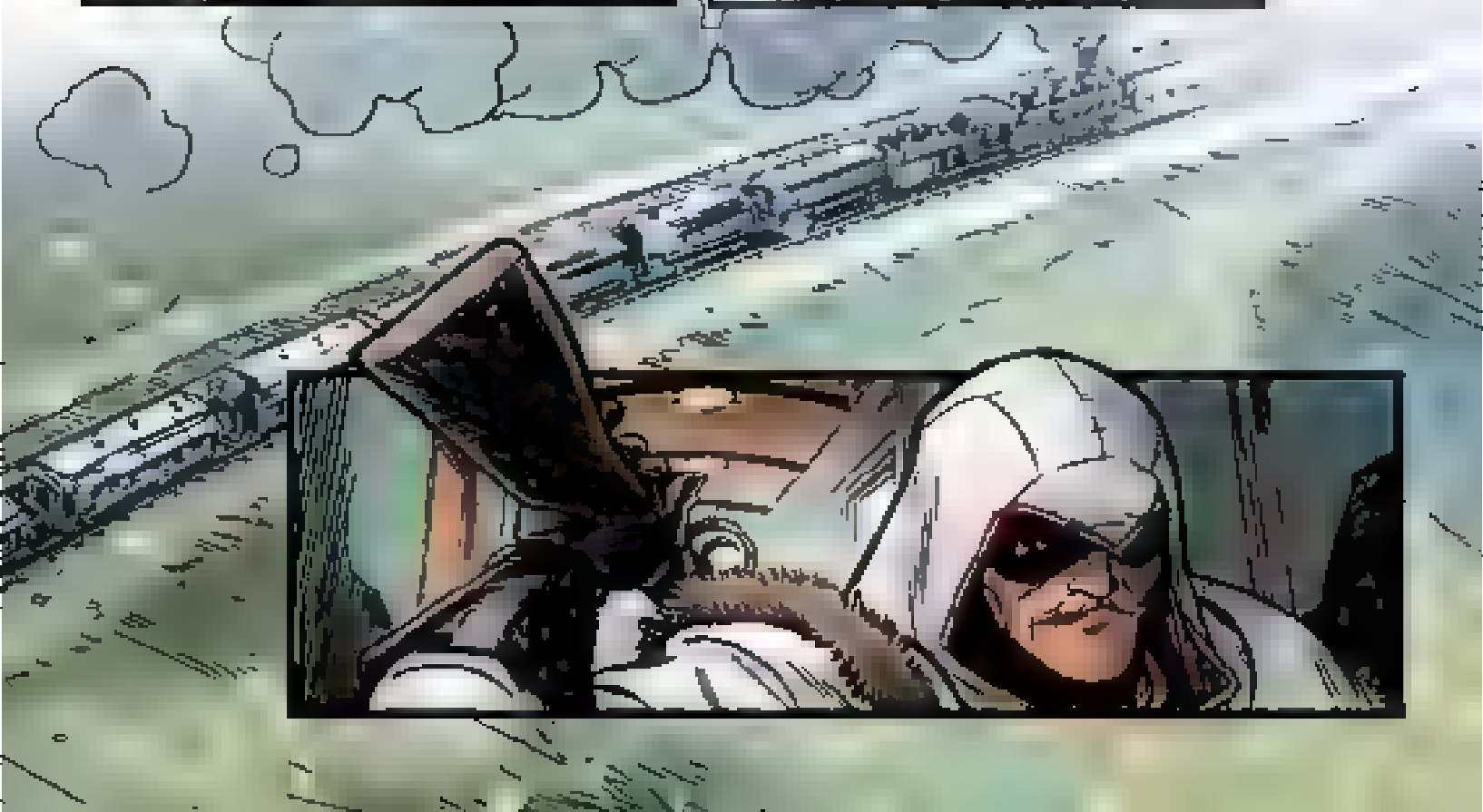


perhaps



ASIDE FROM THE USUAL LIGHTLY-
ARMED GUARD AND A HANDFUL OF
AIDES, THE TSAR WILL BE
TRAVELING ALONE.







AND AT ALL COSTS
REMAIN UNSEEN

ALEXANDER IS A FORMIDABLE MAN
BUT THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE
WILL WORK IN YOUR FAVOUR

GUYS! A
THREAT

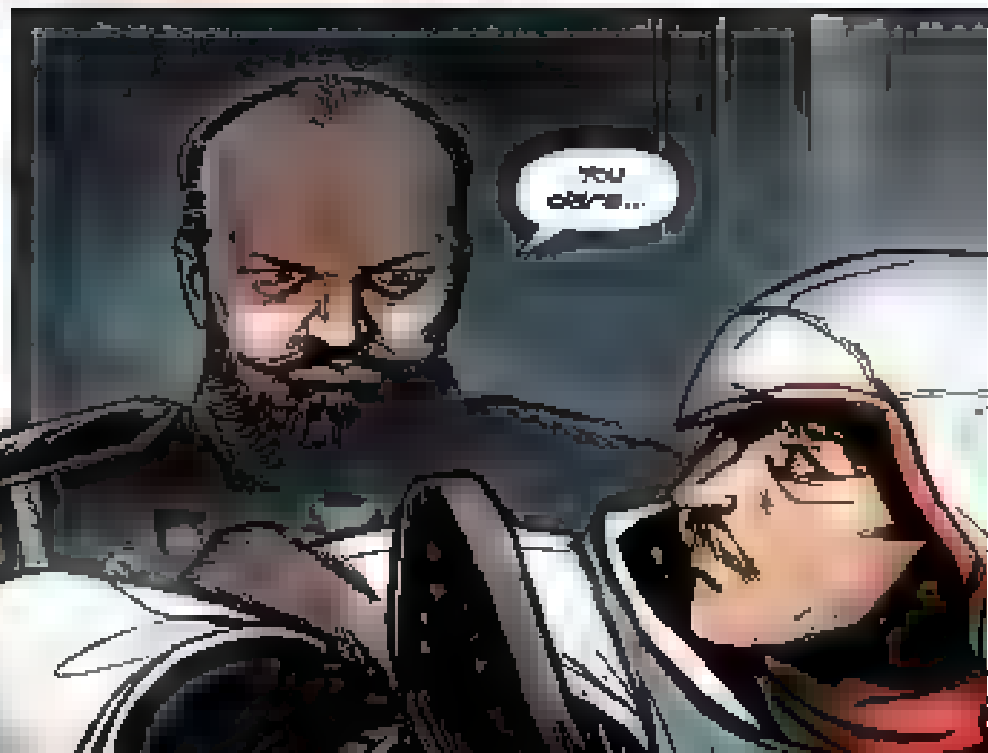
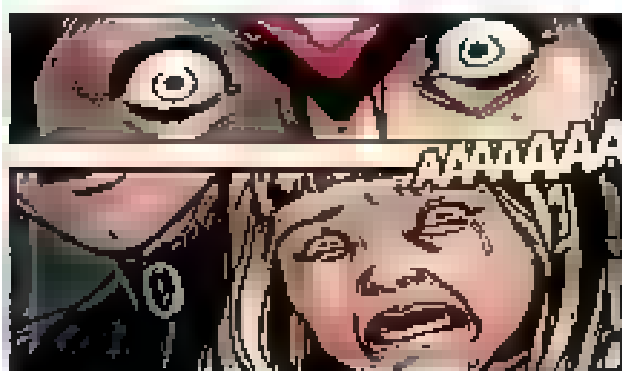
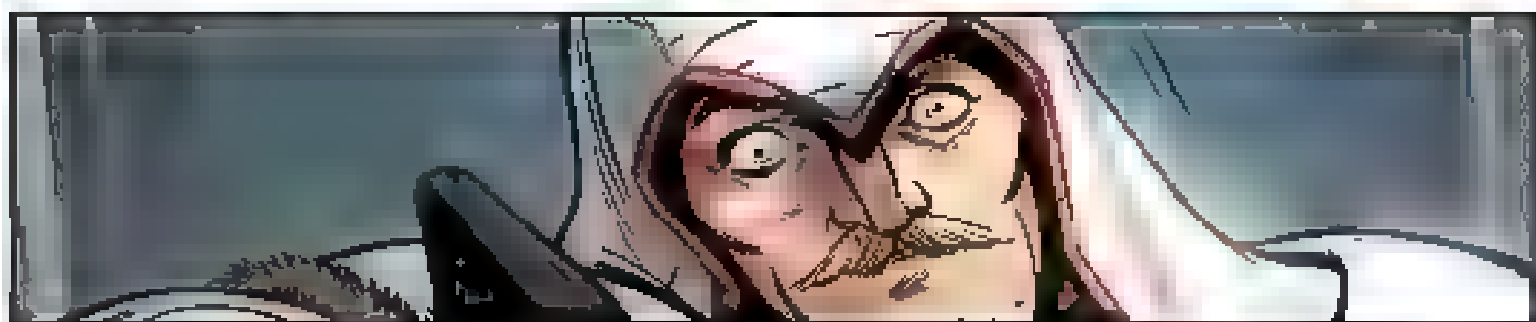
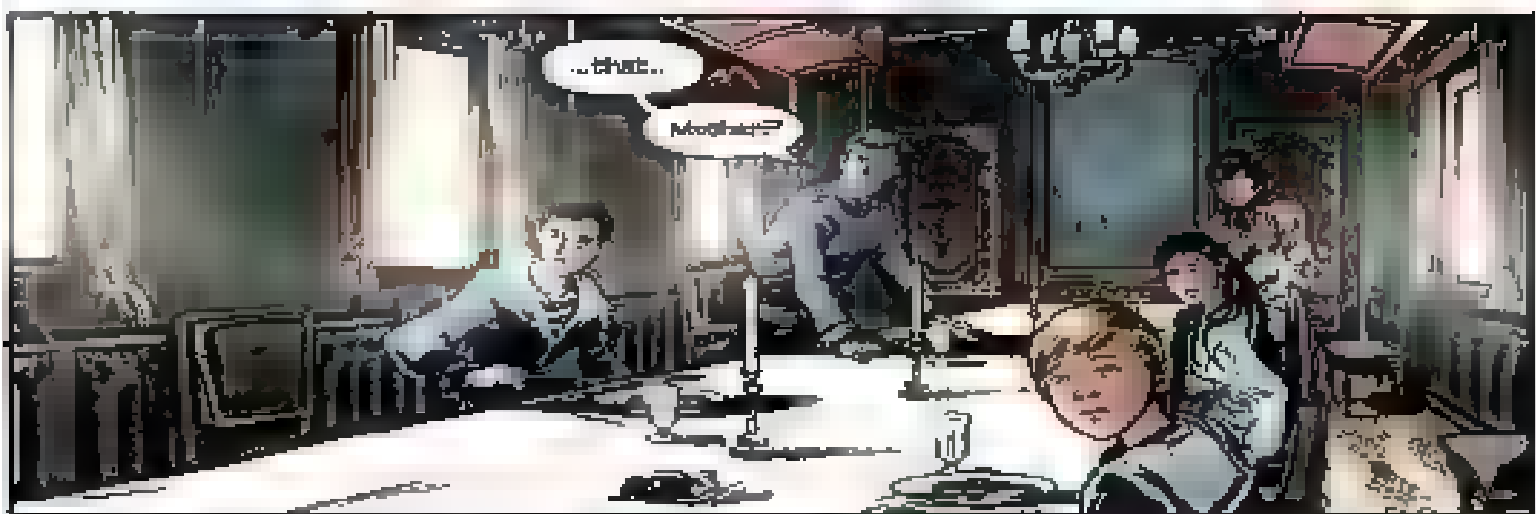
HEY! WATCH
WHERE YOU'RE

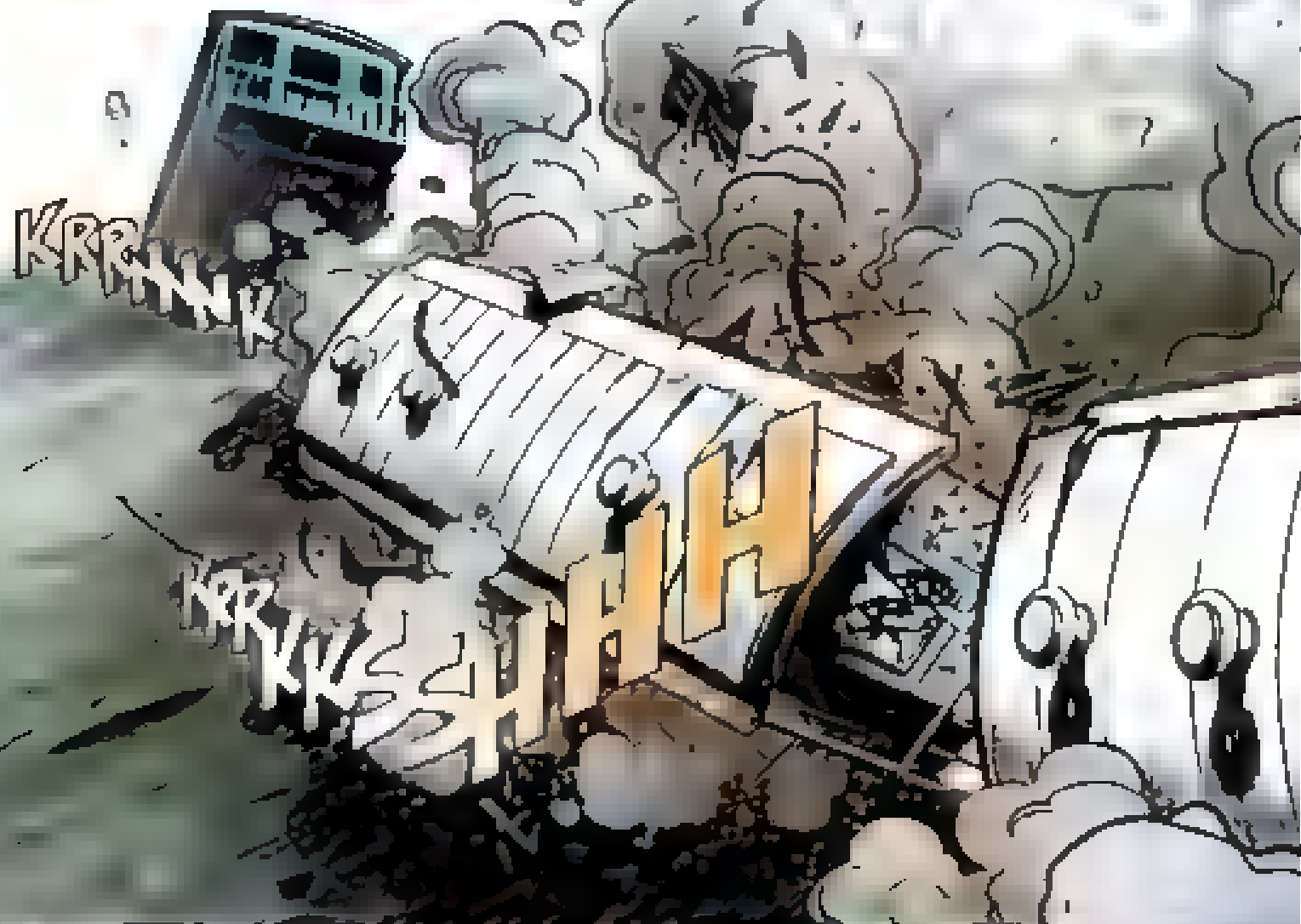
GET AWAY
FROM ME

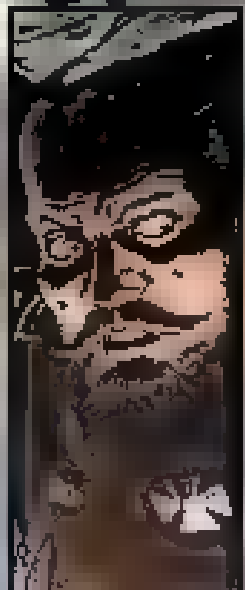
THAT'S THE
WAY, MURDER

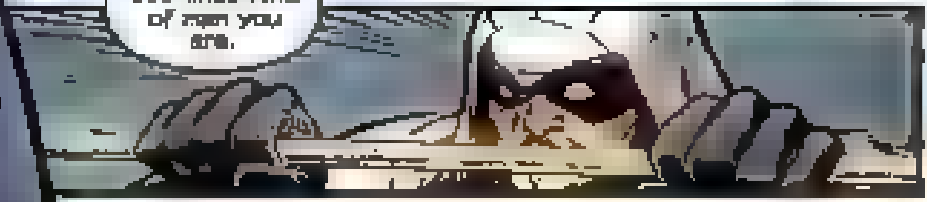
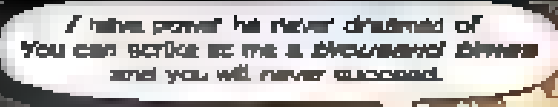
STRIKE SWIFTLY,
BROTHER DREDD

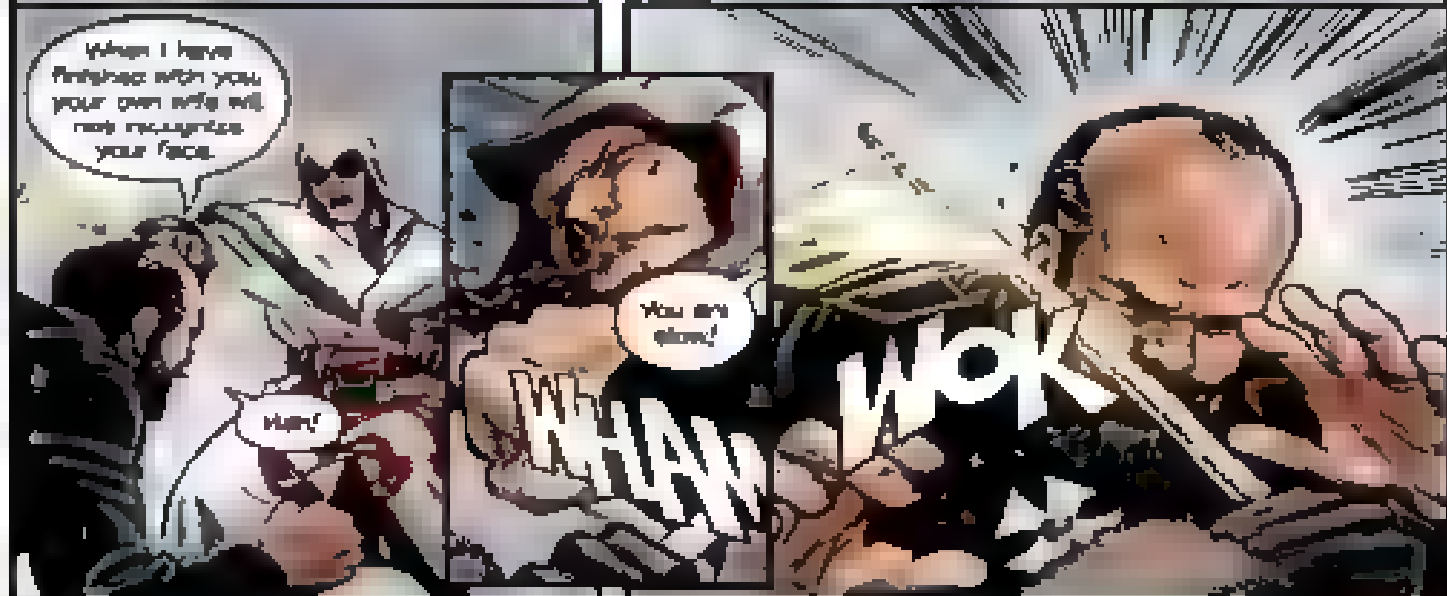
... introduce you
when we arrive home.
I'm certain that...

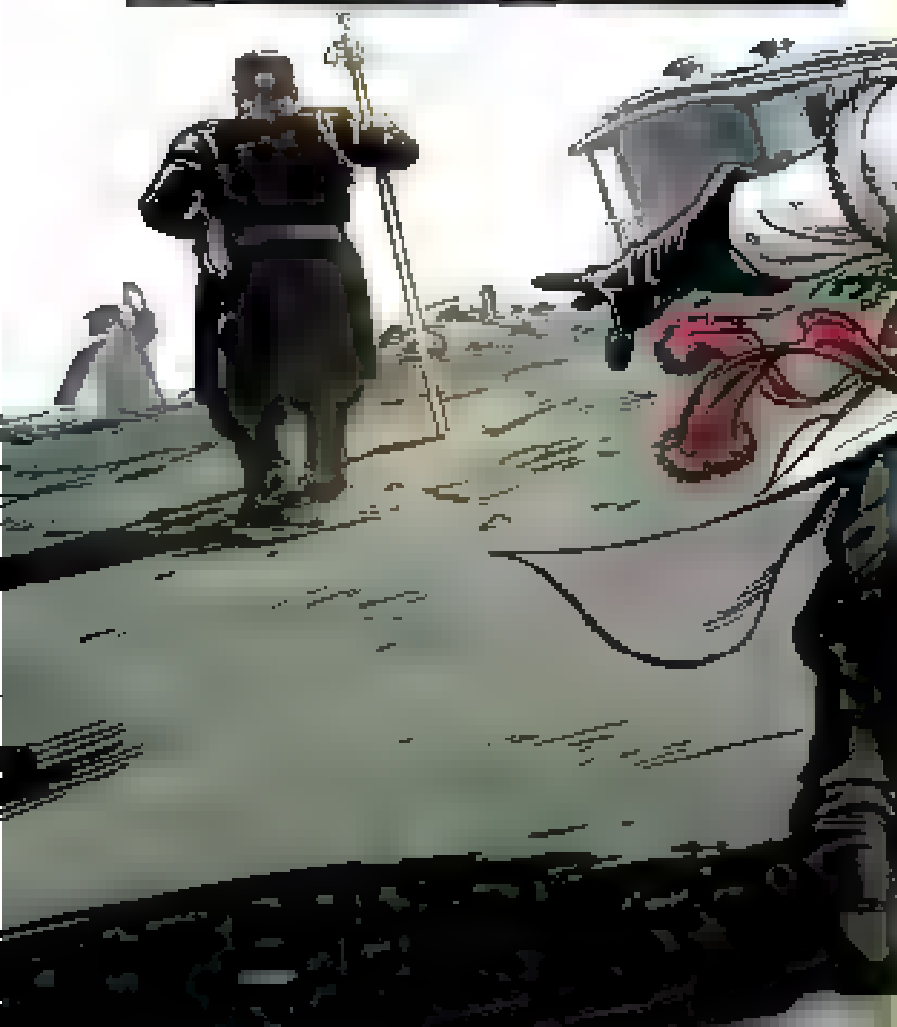


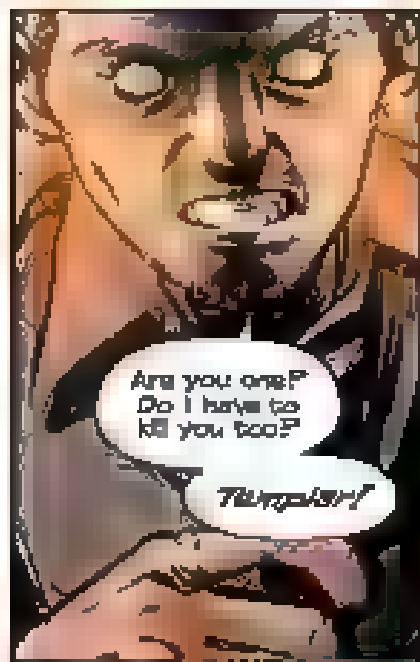
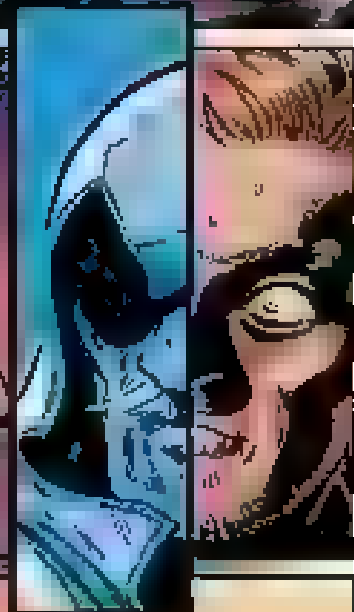
















Wait- wait!
Who are you
people? Where
are we going?

To the compound. Behind
he going to be so pissed at
you, whoever you are.

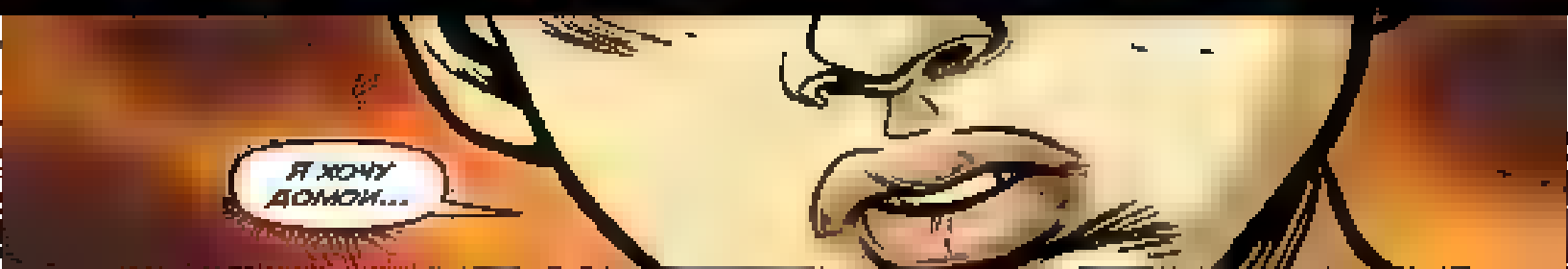
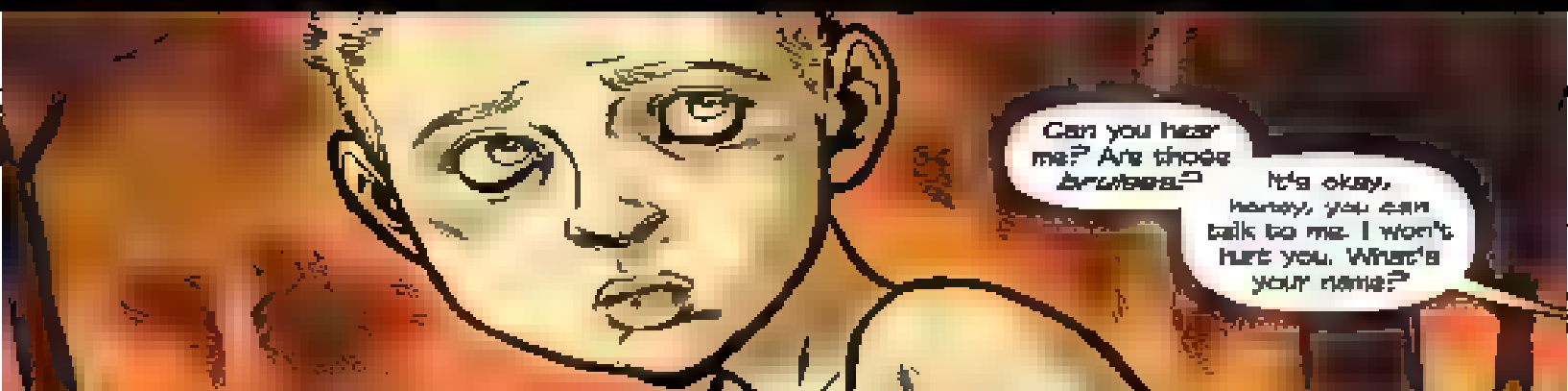
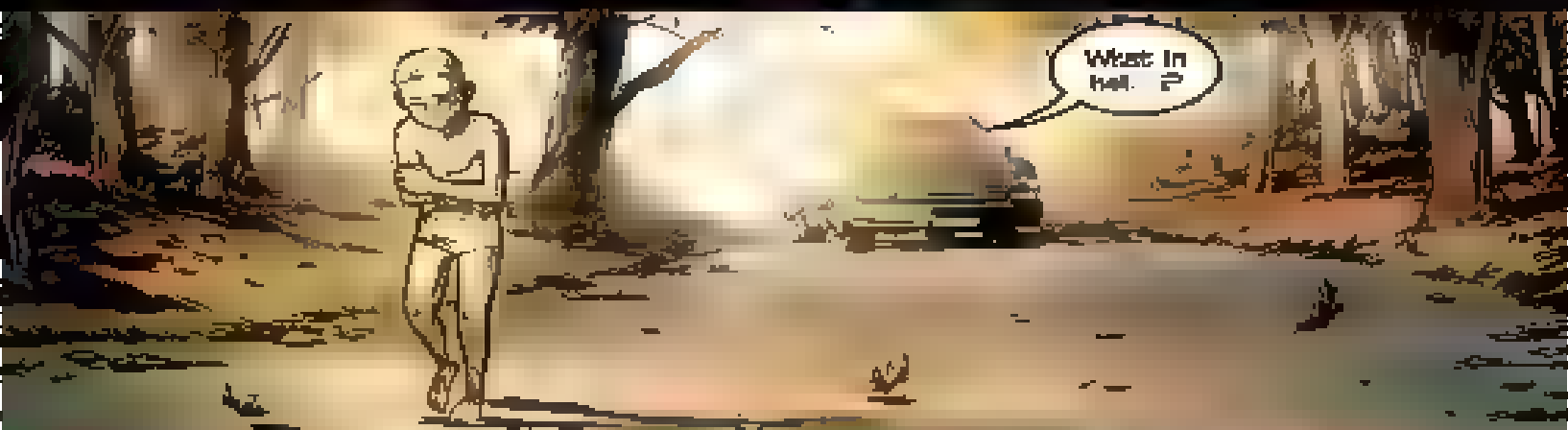
You never kill
an innocent, that's
the first rule! Didn't
you learn anything?

What are
you talking
about?

You're one
of us, right?

You're not
American.





Daniel?

Daniel,
it's time to
wake up.

How are
you feeling?

Leonora

I'm in
trainwreck.

What
happened?

You had
quite the night
last night.

Where are we?
Is this your place?
Did we...?

Um, no.
Gosh.

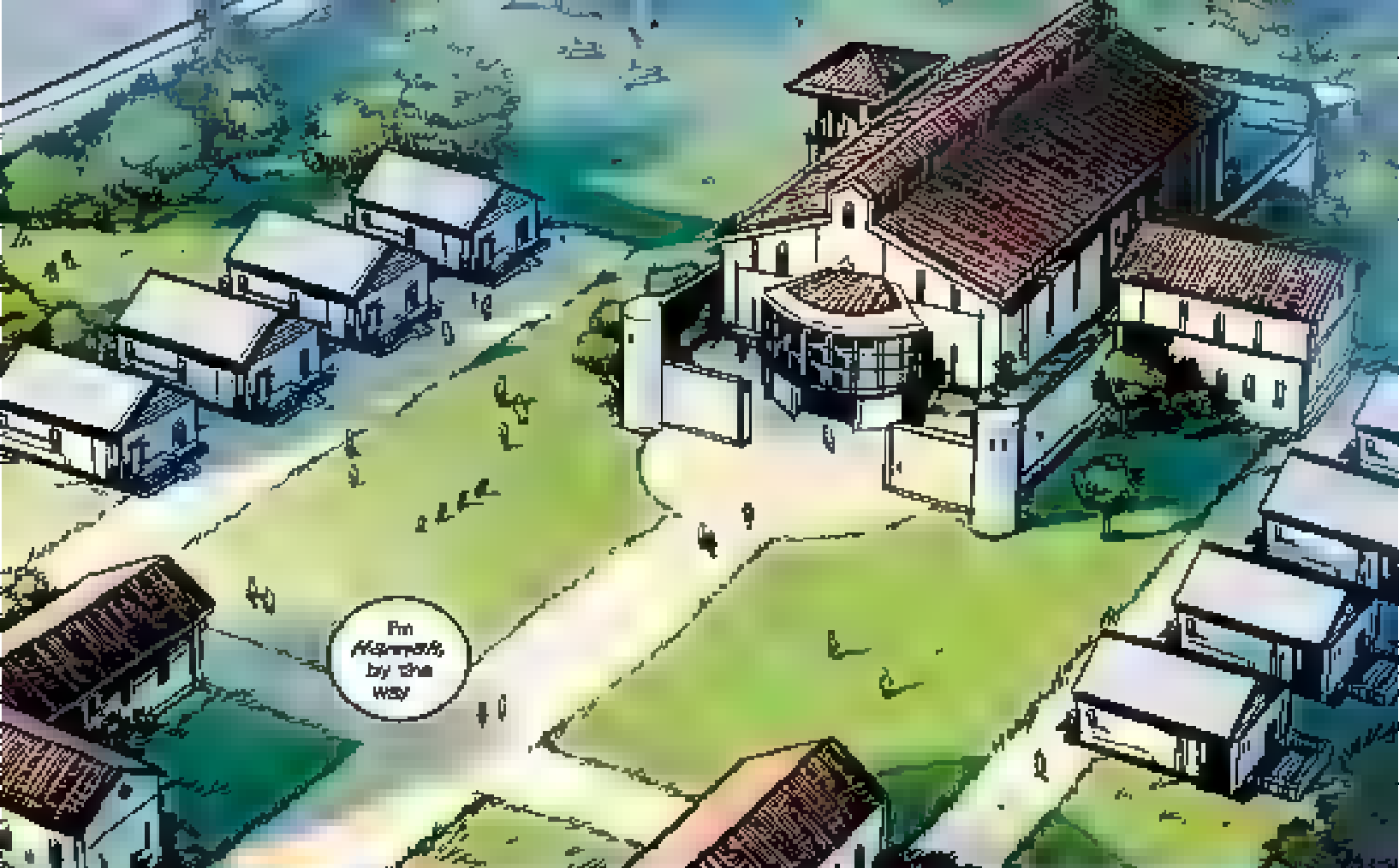
No, we brought
you here because
you were drunk and
out of control.

And there
are some serious
questions we need
to ask you.

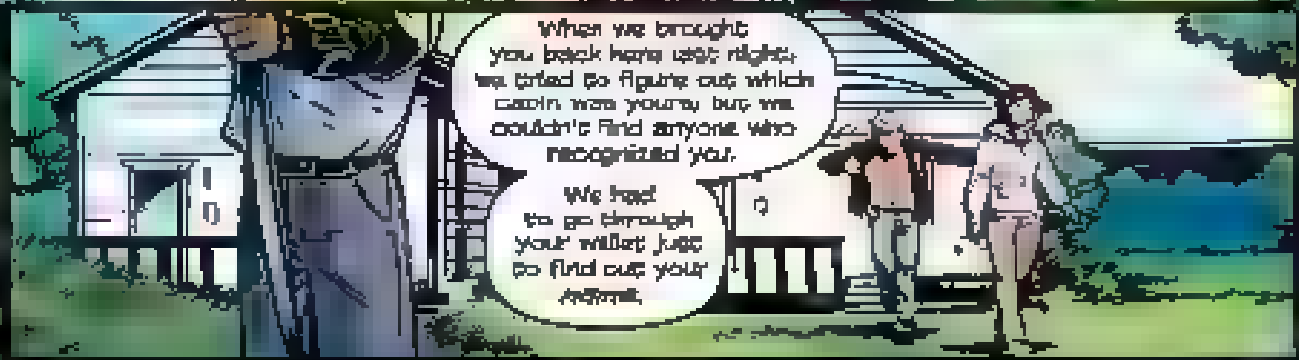
Like why you were waving
a knife around and yelling
about *Tempest*.

Tempest what?
Well, it's too early
for this shit, my head's
spinning open... Please,
just let me just
go back to
sleep...

Come on,
let's get going.
Have to take you
to *Bellamy*.



I'm *Hannibal*,
by the way



When we brought
you back here last night,
we tried to figure out which
cabin was yours, but we
couldn't find anyone who
recognized you.

We had
to go through
your wallet just
to find out your
name.



And that's when we realized
that you're not actually part
of this camp. In fact, you're
not listed as being part
of any camp.

What is all this,
some kind of cult?
Like *Nazis*?

Funny.



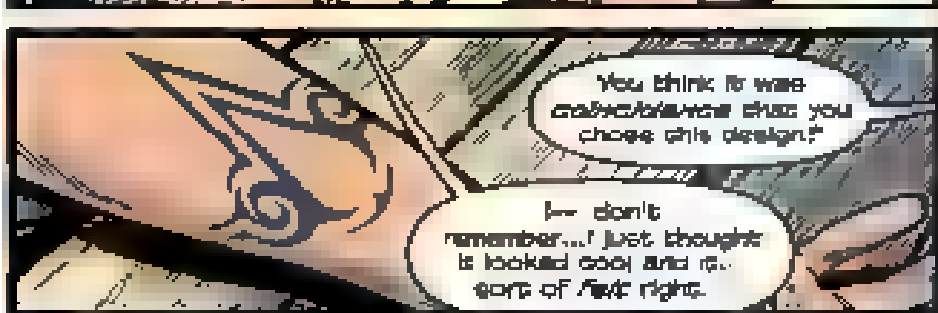
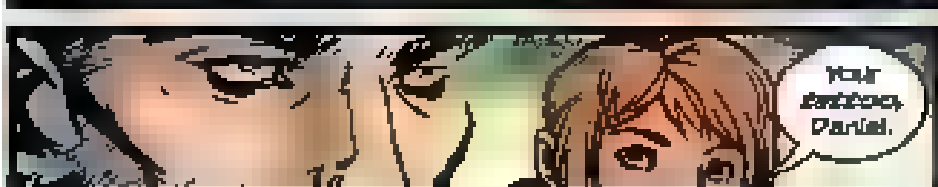
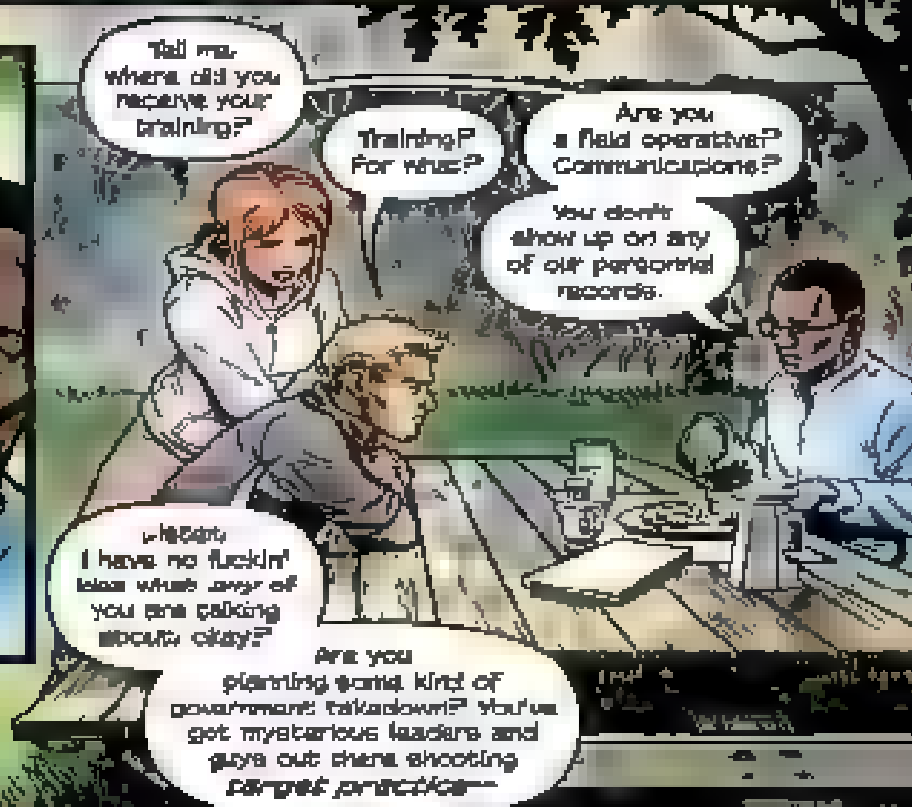
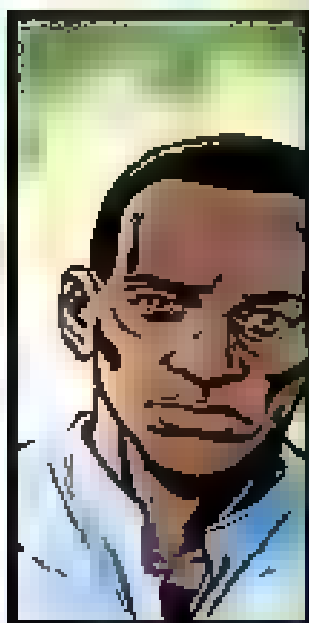
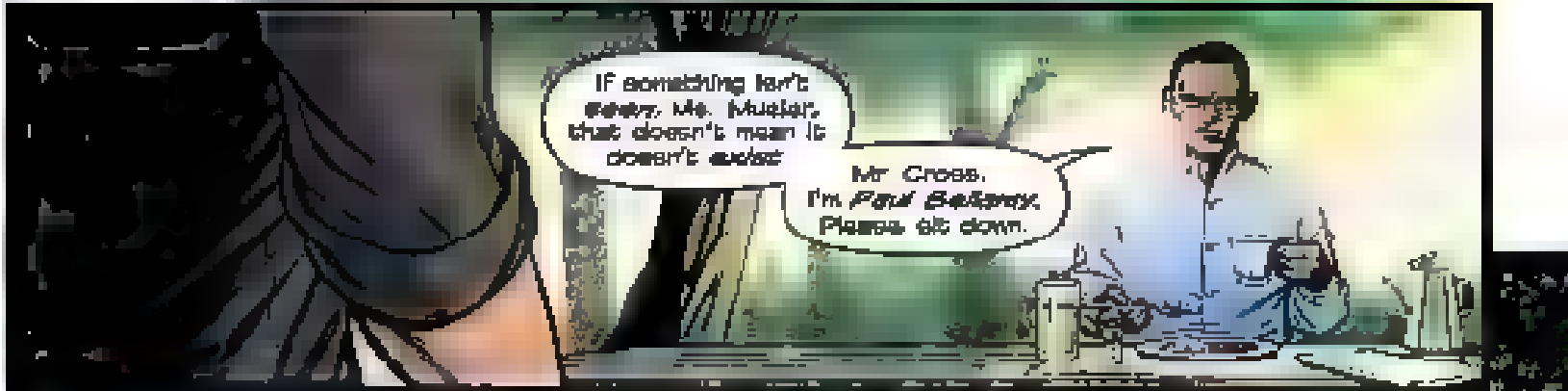
So you're taking me
to your leader?

No one ever gets to
meet the *Mentor*.

Not
quite. *Belamy*
is the director of
this particular
camp.

No one
knows where
he is or even
what he looks
like.

Some of
the guys think
he's made up. *Oh,
the Great and
Powerful.*





Where
is it?



Left?

"What?"

The
Royal Staff
is of no value to
you, Assassin... It is a
useless lump of
gold, a mere
beauty—

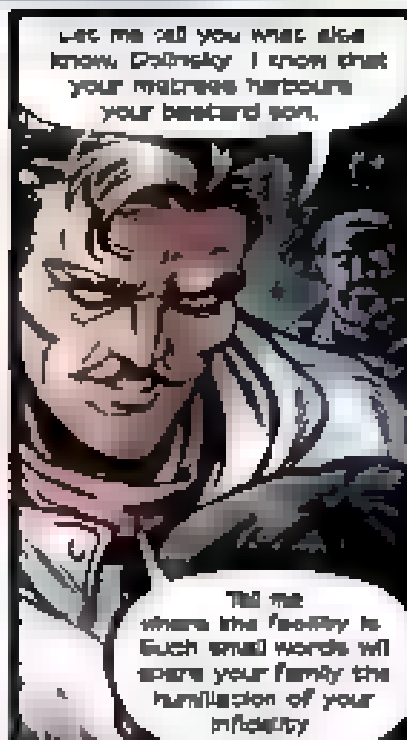
Do not
bring the air in
here with your
filth!
I know of
the Templar agents
in the Royal House, and
of your science experiments.
You seek to raise its power
with your stolen
machines.

Now
WHERE
IS IT?



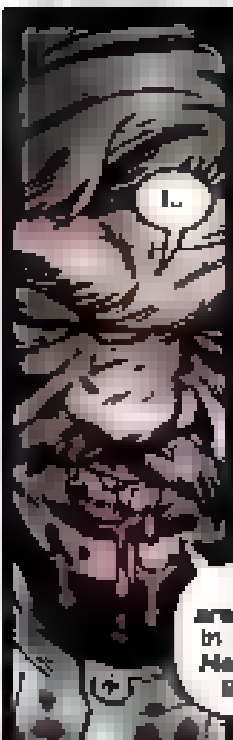
Are Brother
Caleb's methods always
so savage?

He was a gentle
man when I met him,
years ago. Before they
lost the child.



Let me tell you what also
know, Delinsky. I know that
your mistress harbours
your bastard son.

Tell me
where the facility is.
Such small words will
spare your family the
humiliation of your
infidelity.



I.

They
are building
in Siberia.
Near Lake
Baikal.



With his
ghost, tomorrow
we leave for
Tunguska.



That...
was definitely
russol.

What
language was
that?

Russian.

He was
speaking Russian.
I don't know exactly what
he said, but it was
something about
Tunguska.

Daniel?
Is everything all right?
Can you say that again
in English?



Hmmmmhhh

I don't--
I don't remember what
I just said. I black out sometimes,
see things. I'm on
medication.



What kind
of things do you see?
How often does this
happen?

This is very
significant. I think you
need to stay here at the
camp for a while so we
can determine--



Oh, fuck this!
This is a bunch of fuckin'
concoctees! Thank you very much
for taking me away as your
frackin' cult compound,
but I'm outta here.

I'm afraid I can't let you leave,
Daniel. Somehow, you're connected to
the Order of Assassins. Whether it's memory loss
you're suffering or something else, we need to look
into exactly where you came from. I'm just
asking for a day, maybe two--



You're high
if you think I'm
gonna stay here.
man. I've got
a life.

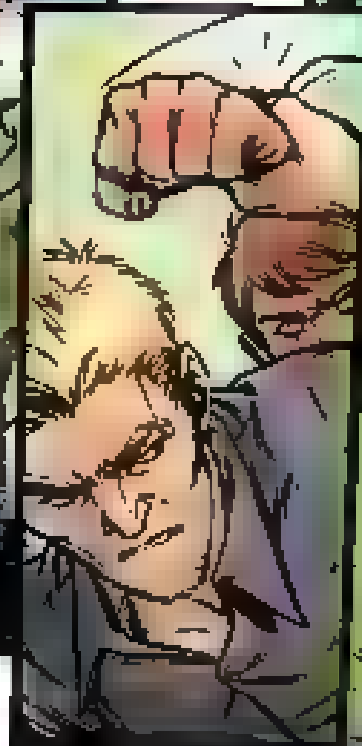
Hey, hey,
you heard
the man, you're
not going
anywhere

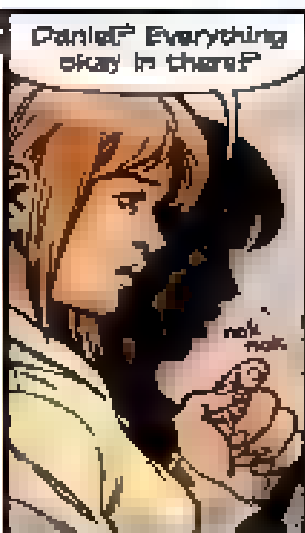
Come on,
we'll take you
back to your
cabin--



grr

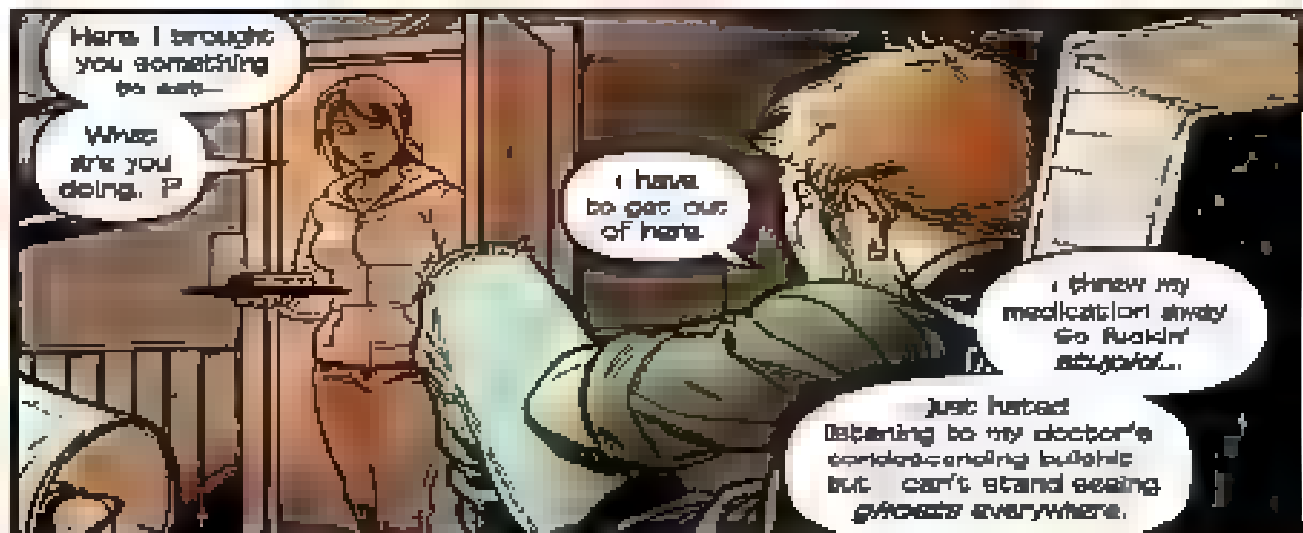
AAAAGH!





Daniel? Everything okay in there?

not talk



Here, I brought you something to eat—

What are you doing, P?

I have to get out of here.

I threw my medication away so fuckin' stupid...

Just hated departing to my doctor's condescending bullshit but can't stand seeing ghosts everywhere.



Just beat the hell out of two guys like it was nothing...my vision went red and something took over, just pure instinct...

I have to go. Please let me go. I don't want to be a part of this.

I can't just let you leave, Daniel, you heard Galaxy—



PLEASE. Help me, Hannah.

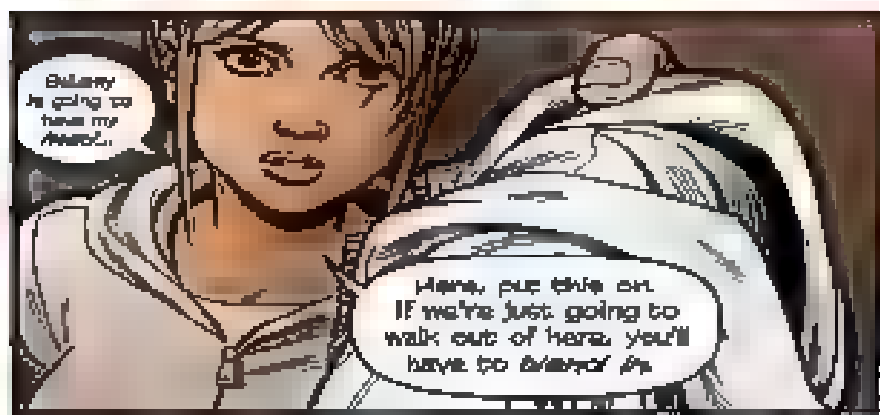
I feel like I'm going crazy.

It feels like there's something coiled like a snake deep inside of me, and it's waiting to get out.



I need to get out of here. I need to go get my pills.

Please, please... let me go home...



Galaxy is going to have my head...

Here, put this on. If we're just going to walk out of here, you'll have to brand it.



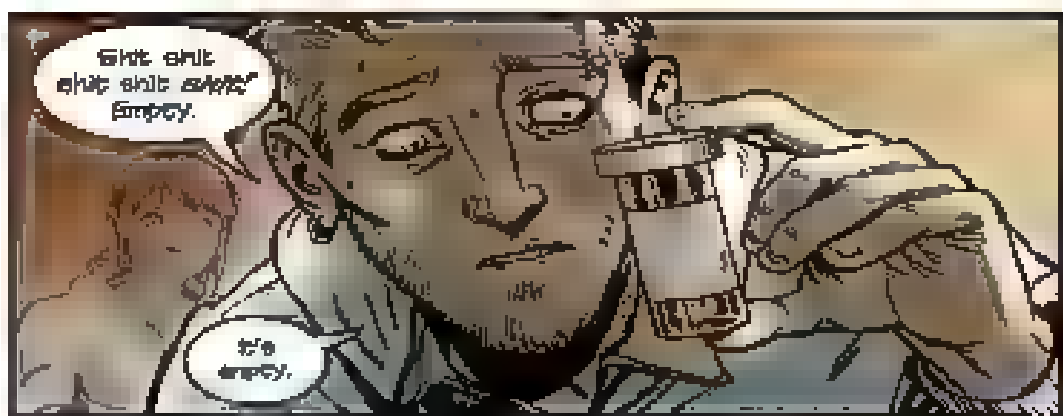
This is disgusting.

What's the last thing you cleaned this place?



Yeah, well, I don't get a lot of visitors.

Damn it! I know they're here somewhere. Where where where?



Shit shit shit shit shit! Empty.

It's empty.



Maybe we can phone your doctor. Get another prescription?

He just gave me one! He's gonna think I...

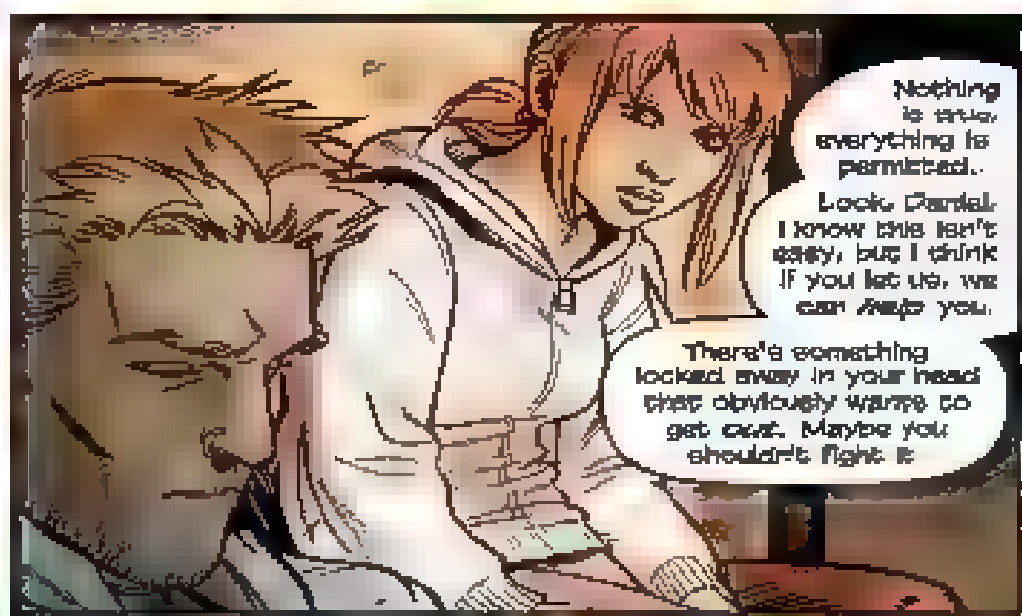
AHHHRRGH!!

Fuck! Why did I throw it away?



I hate this. I never know when I'm gonna lose it.

I don't even know what's real anymore.



Nothing is true, everything is permitted.

Look Daniel, I know this isn't easy, but I think if you let us, we can help you.

There's something locked away in your head that obviously wants to get out. Maybe you shouldn't fight it.



Heh... I never thought I'd be getting haatchback on my own couch by a hot killer ninja.



Assassins aren't *ninjas*, dumb-ass. And I've never killed anyone in my life. I work with *computers*, mainly.

Wait, you're going to rig the election? Isn't that illegal?

These days there are a lot more things we need to do to change the world than sticking a *knife* in someone's neck.

Take this election coming up--the Mentor tells us that it's really, really important that *our guy* wins it, or else the Templars are going to score *big*.

And he's usually right about these things, he's some kind of strategic super-genius. So it's our job to make sure the course of history goes the *right way*.

No! Just the opposites! You can't be the *ninja*, Daniel!

Don't look so surprised. Since the beginning of time, the will of the people has always needed a bit of a *helping hand*.

If The Order had's been around, the world would be a really scary place.

Elections will *always* be rigged if there's no one around to *prevent* it.

Yeah, not like the sugar and spice it is *now*.

You may not love the way things are, but at least we got here through free will.

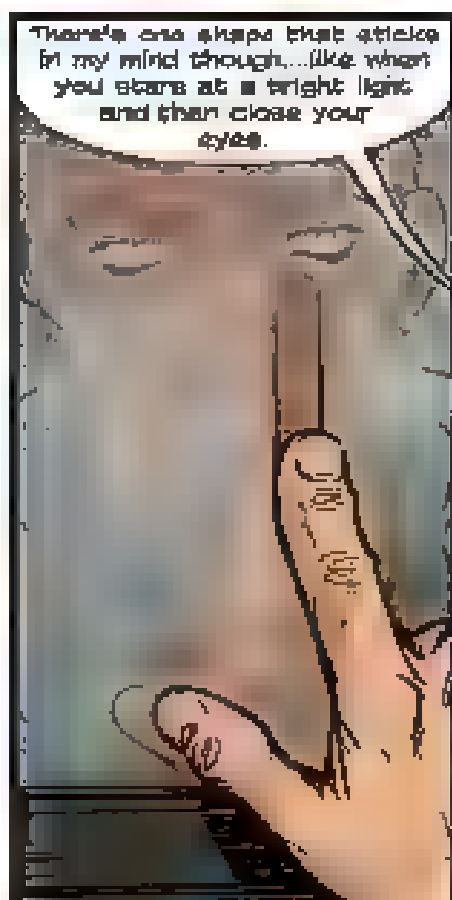
The Templar way would have been *less... democratic*.

Okay, you can stop preaching now. I don't need to know any of this shit.

was born into this. And think you probably were too. These visions you've been having, is there anything *at all* you remember?



They're usually all a blur when I snap out of it. I can never hold on to the memory for long.



There's one shape that sticks in my mind though...like when you stare at a bright light and then close your eyes.



Does this mean anything to you?

MAY 14, 1908

FOR THE EYES OF
NIKOLAI ORELOV
OF UTMOST URGENCY
DESTROY IMMEDIATELY
AFTER READING

THE INFORMATION EXTRACTED
FROM YOUR PRISONER HAS
ENABLED US TO IDENTIFY
THE APPROXIMATE LOCATION
OF THE TEMPLAR FACILITY
CURRENTLY HOUSING THE
STAFF OF EDEN

WE BELIEVE THIS FACILITY
IS BEING USED TO CONDUCT
ELECTRICAL TESTING ON THE
ARTIFACT WITH TECHNIQUES
REPLICATED FROM DESIGNS
STOLEN FROM OUR SCIENTIST
ALLY TESLA. THE MENTOR HAS
CHARGED YOU WITH THE TASK
OF RECOVERING THE ARTIFACT,
WITH THE EXPECTATION THAT
YOU WILL NOT ALLOW IT TO BE
LOST A SECOND TIME

ASSEMBLE A COMPANY OF TRUSTED
FOOTMEN AND TRAVEL TO GIBERIA
BY TRAIN IMMEDIATELY FROM
THERE ENLIST THE LOCAL HUNTERS
AS YOUR GUIDES TO MAKE YOUR WAY
TO THE FACILITY AND SEE THE
HISS ON TO COMPLETION
YOU MUST MAKE HASTE, AS PLANS
FOR A MORE PERMANENT END TO THE
TEMPLARS' EXPERIMENTATION HAVE
BEEN SET IN MOTION

IF this is
what I think it is,
Daniel, we have to get you
back to the camp. This
could be the
biggest

Paul: I...
We were... was
bringing him back. We
came here for his
negotiation.

I don't
want to hear it,
Marinah. How dare
you defy my authority?
You endanger all
of us.

... Paul
like the general
pukes.

Just got off the phone with
Bill Miller. According to what's left
of his records, a small team was
sent to Tunguska in 1908 to
find the *Eden*. Only one of
them walked away alive.

This *survivor*
eventually disappeared,
somehow slipped away
from the Order. His trail
just vanished.

Probably
left Russia.
Maybe ended
up here in
America.

Daniel, you have to get up.
It's not safe for you here.

If you're the
one link to the location
of that artifact, there's no
telling what kind of
danger you're in.

You have
to tell us
what happened to
your great-
grandfather.

You
have to tell us
about Nikolai
Orelon.



and
have not
seen any
animals.

Maybe the
devils were
right, eh? Maybe
the "Valkyries"
have taken
them...

He is
a superstitious
fool. He has the
nose of his
kind.

Frightened
by children's ghost
stories. And a thief to
abandon us halfway
after taking our
money...

There,
Brothers.
We arrive at the
great machine.
Prepare yourselves.

The hour
is very late.
If we do not act
quickly, we risk
annihilation.

Take stands
ready in America
to activate his
telephone weapon.
This is his
target.

What?
Busy? Why
weren't we given
more time?

We were
given exactly
what we needed:
cover.

The Mentor's
plans are not ours
to question. Victory
of the Brotherhood is
all that matters.



...not enough
time. There's not
enough time.

The
machine will be
destroyed--

Denial.



Are you having another vision?
Denial, you've got to tell me what
it is you're seeing. Open up to
us, let it all out--



HYAAAAAGH!!

Urgh



Denial!
What!



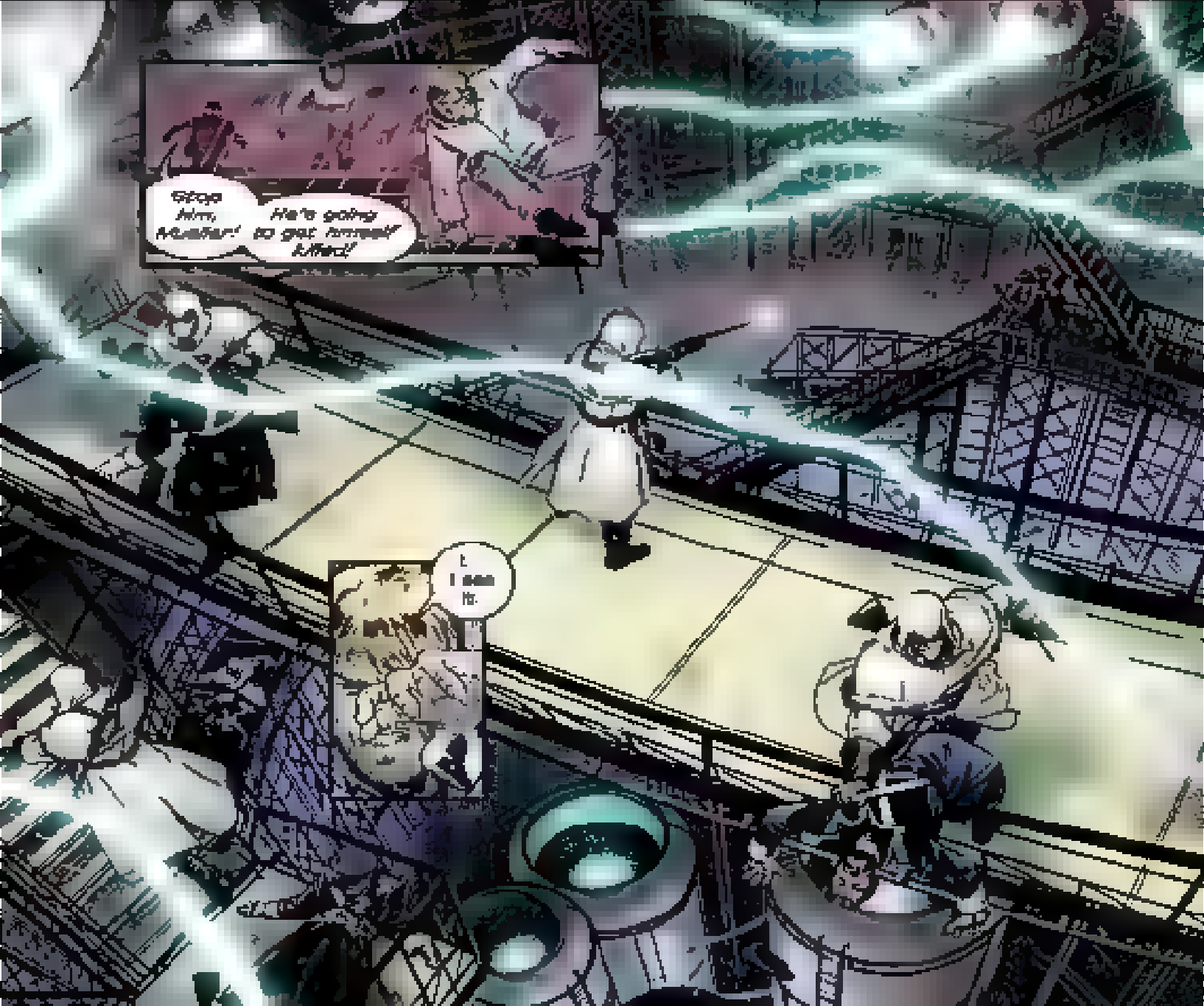
We're trying to help you!



Stay away from me!
I need to get to the Dr.

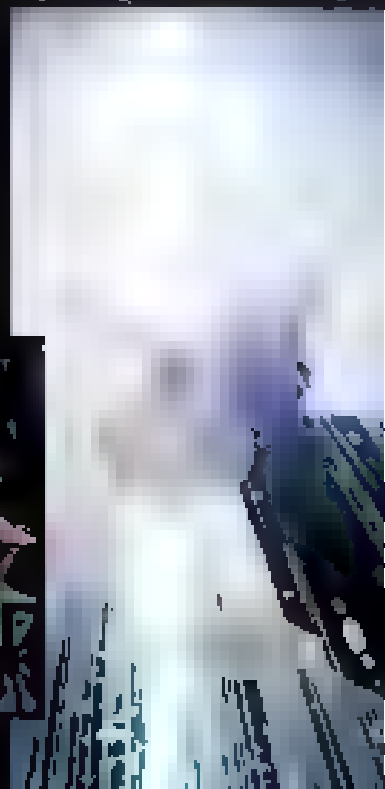


right

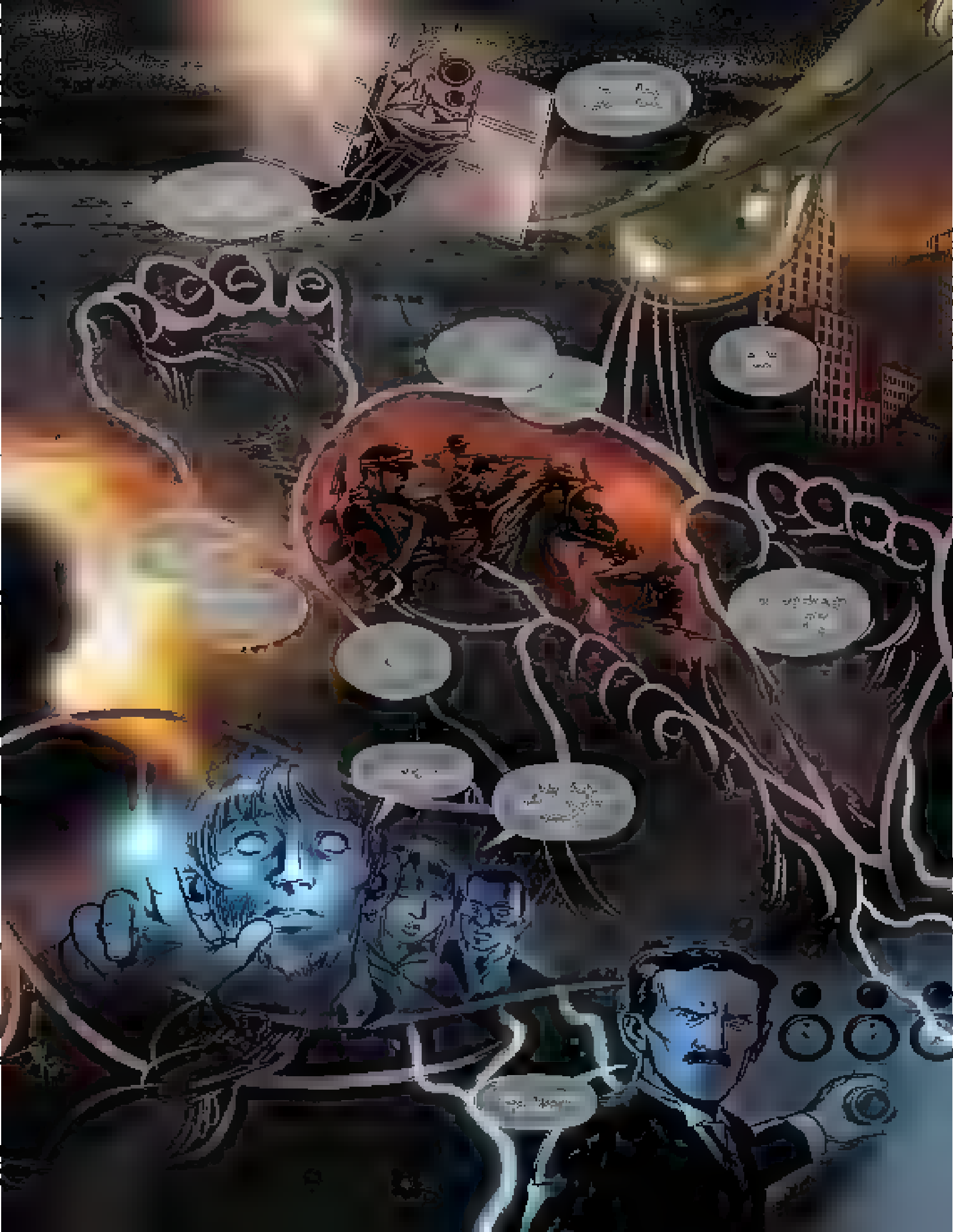


Stop him, Number 1!
He's going to get himself killed!

I know he is.





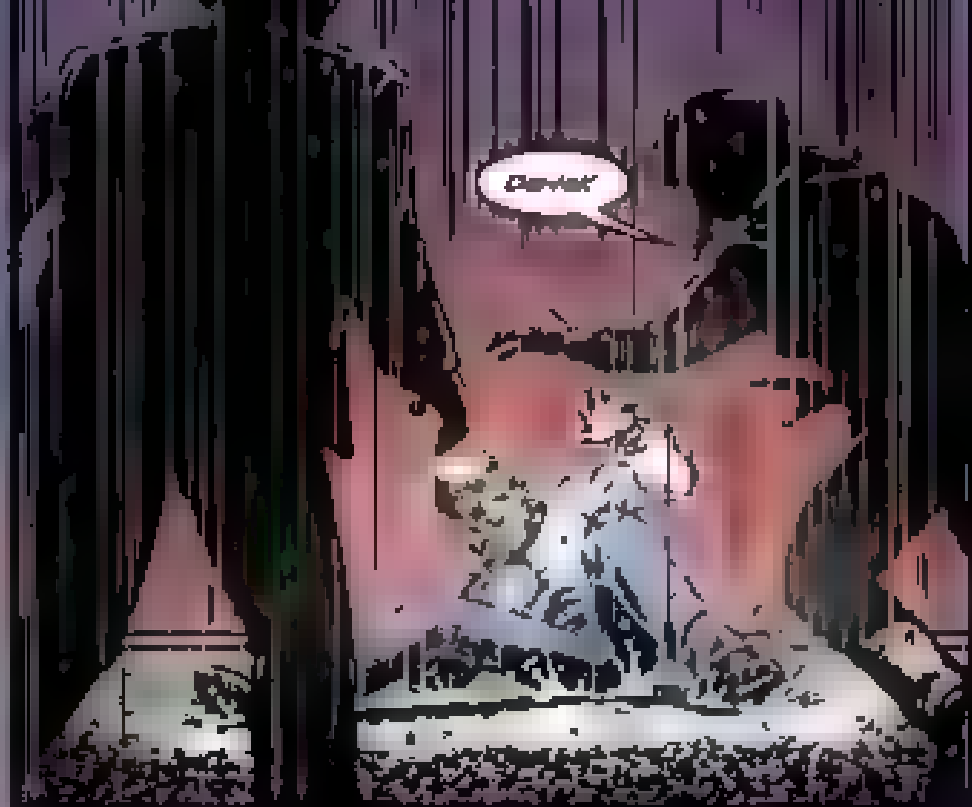








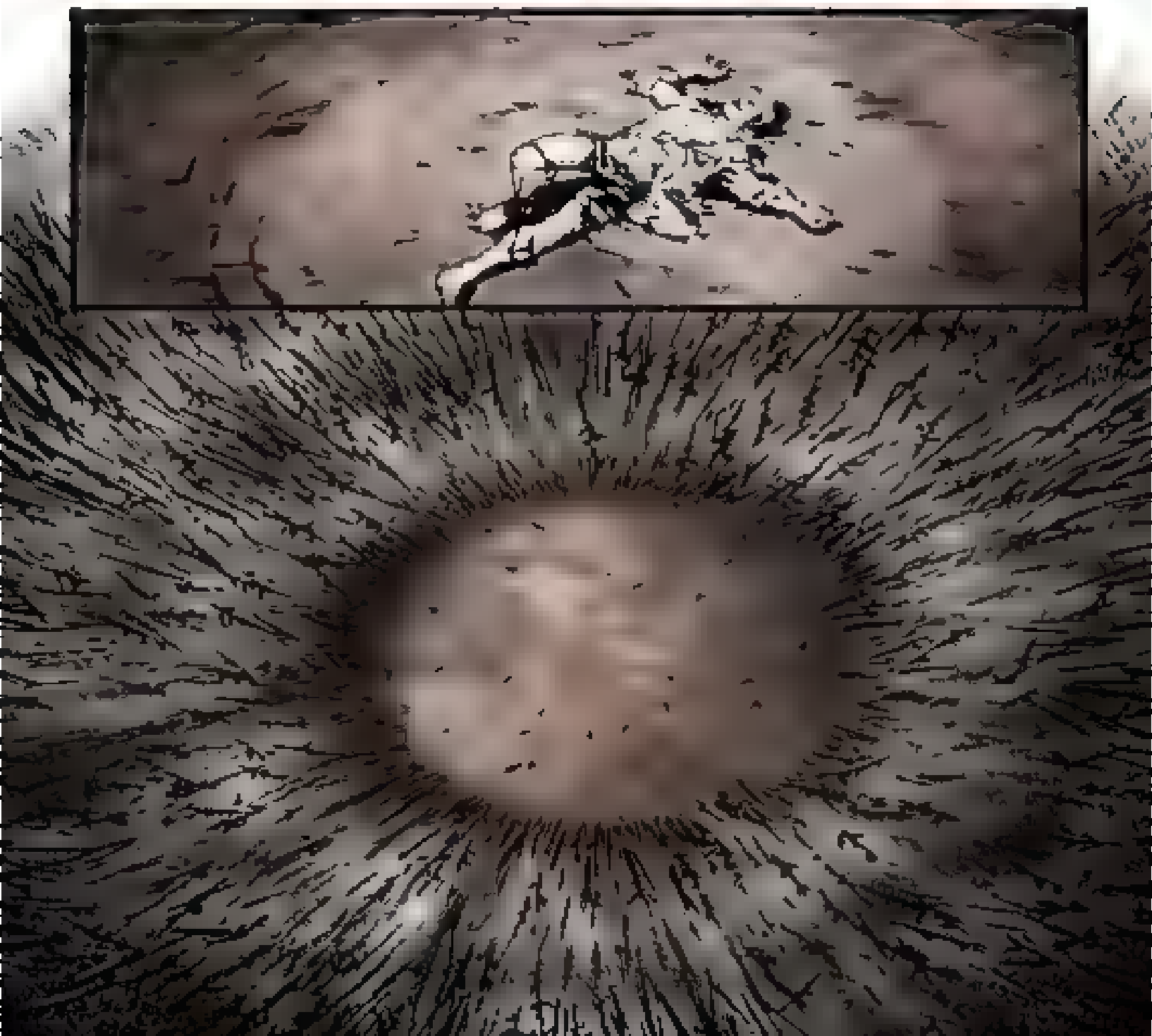
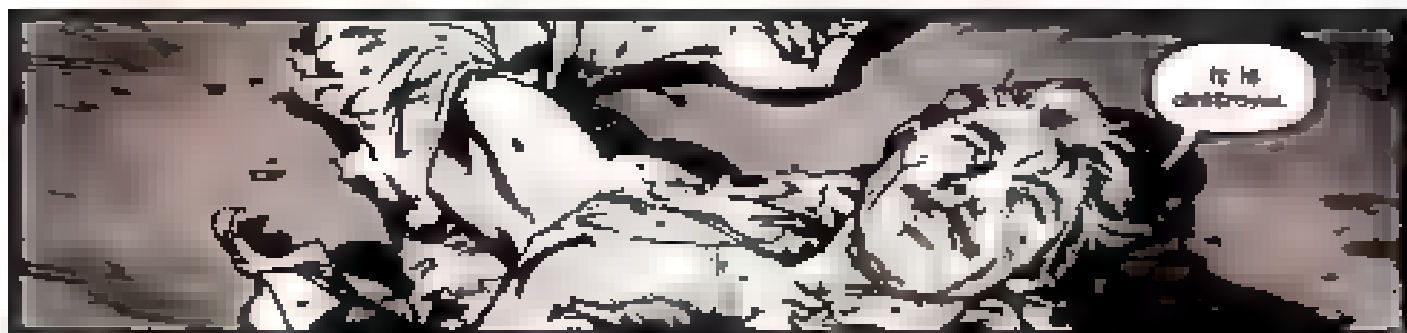




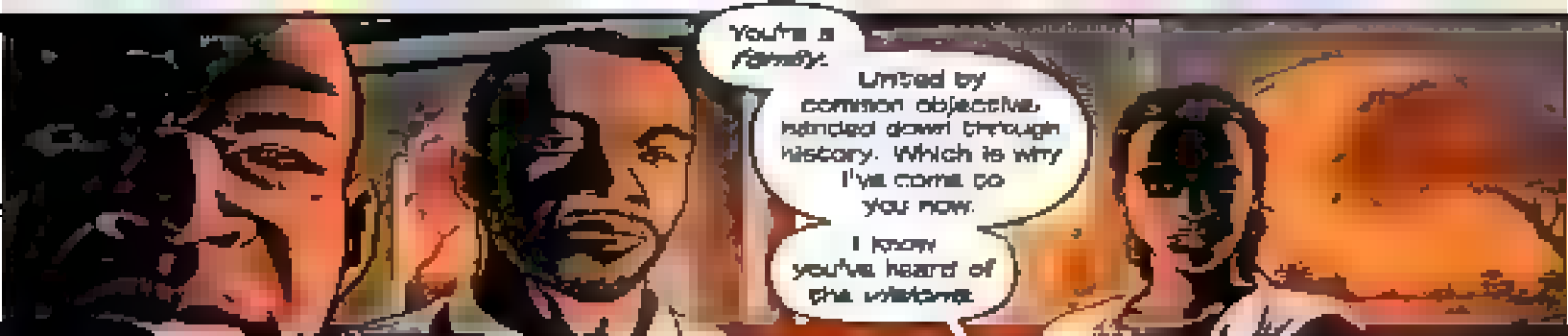
Harsh...
It's okay.
I saw everything...
I saw the shape
of him...

I know
my purpose.
I understand what
I have to do.

I have
to find the
answer...



You're
very
special.



You're a family.

United by common objective, hindered down through history. Which is why I've come to you now.

I know you've heard of the visions.



As they came to me violently; a confusion of sounds and images.

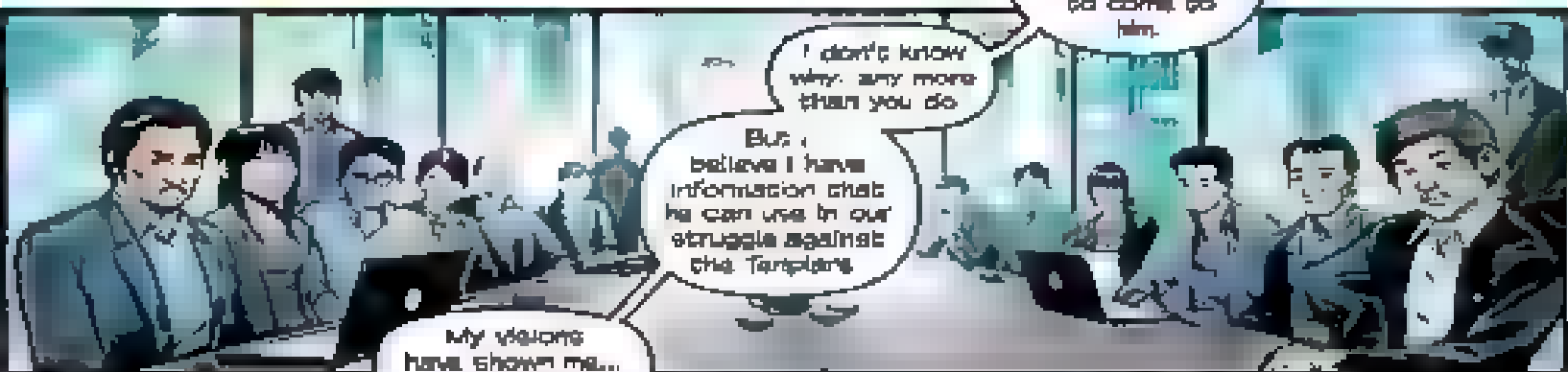
The blood of our enemies and the voices of our ancestors screaming at me in a waking dream.



Before I was given a purpose, lived in constant terror.

But now everything is clear. Now I hear only one voice.

The Mentor spoke to me two years ago and told me to come to him.



I don't know why, any more than you do.

But I believe I have information that he can use in our struggle against the Templars.

My visions have shown me... everything.



I don't know how else to put it. I saw the universe in an instant - the past, present and future.

I've seen how humanity began and I've seen our potential, but only *he* can unlock it.

I know that I'm still a newcomer to the Order, but I have been training my mind and body to meet his needs.

I'll continue to seek the Mentor until I find him, or until he sees fit to make himself known to me.

As I ask for, brothers, be your support and guidance.



This is
starting to feel
hopeless.

I'm running
on fumes here.
My body doesn't
even know what
time it is
anymore.

I think
we're getting
closer.

You said
that in
Cyprus.



I believe
in you Daniel.
We all believe
in you.

But I'm
starting to wonder
if the Mentor really
even exists.

Doesn't it
bother you that no
one has ever seen
this guy?

Why would
he ask you to
find him and then keep
himself hidden for two
years? It doesn't
make any
sense.



Maybe he's testing me?
Maybe this is all part
of the plan.

Have you
ever just *known*
something without
fully understanding
why?

can't
explain it, but
the Mentor's voice
gets clearer
every day.

It's
like someone
flipped a switch and
gave me a reason
to live.

I'm stronger
now, stronger
I have a
mission.



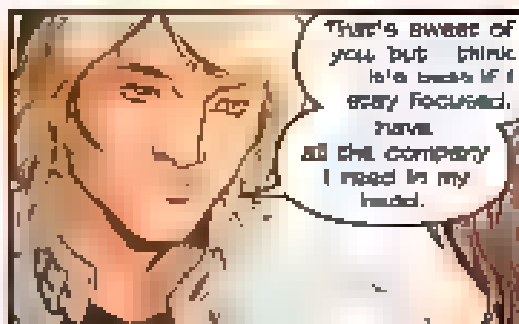
And I couldn't have
gotten this far
without you.

If you
weren't found me,
don't know where
I'd be.

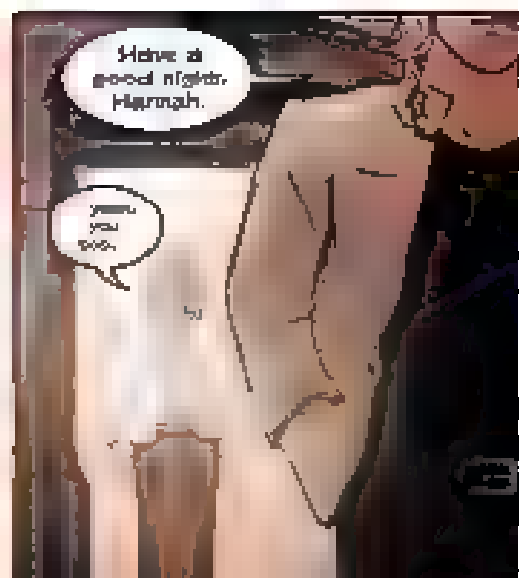
Look,
we're both tired,
but everything looks
more hopeful after
a good night's
sleep.



I don't
suppose
you'd want
company.



That's sweet of
you but think
it's best if I
stay focused.
I have
all the company
I need in my
head.



Have a
good night,
Hannah.

you
too.

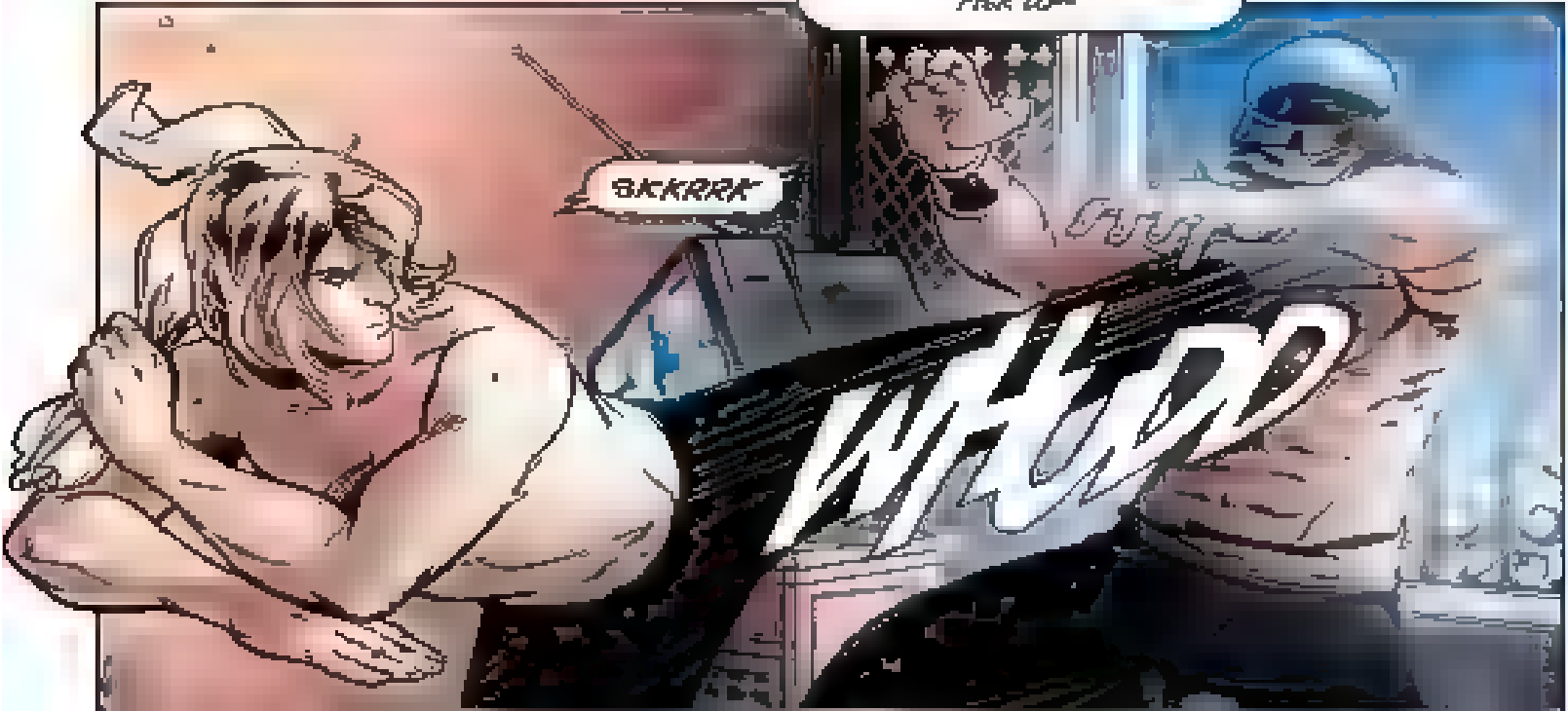
—As Americans get ready to head to the polls in what seems likely to be the closest US presidential race in the last hundred years.

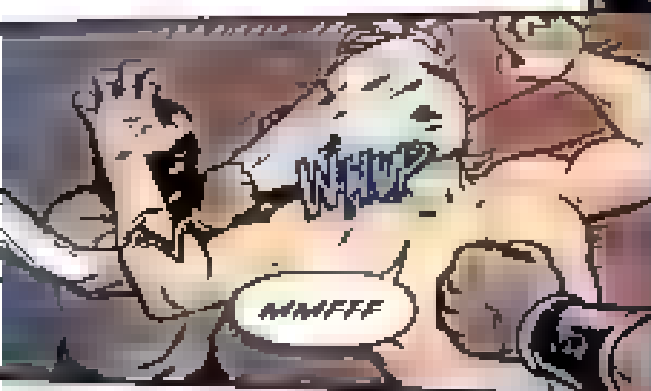
This is the BBC World Service for the fifth of November, 2000.

The National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration is warning of a massive solar storm set to bombard the Earth next week.



The storm, caused by an M-class solar flare from deep within the sun, could disrupt communications and satellite operations and possibly present a radiation risk to—





Dear Nikolai Andreyevich,

Forgive me for
my poor habits of
correspondence.

An unfortunate side effect
of brotherhood lies in that one
begins to feel comfortable
taking one's brother for
granted.

And, indeed, though we are
not bound by blood, can we
not consider each other
as family?

My dear brother, Aleksandr, was as
important an example to me as any
man could have, and you were always
there by his side, so you will forgive
the informality of kinship that I feel
(and have always felt) toward you.

The Revolution has begun!

*A revolution you (and we) helped start
is now spreading across Russia
on a visible force whose time has
finally come.*

*This is but the first wave of change.
Soon, yet more power will shift
to the hands of the proletariat,
and we will finally see real
progress in our country.*

*Imagine, Nikita, what your father
would say were he to see this day.*

I write to you from Zurich, but I am making preparations to return to Petrograd where I intend to construct a new socialist order. And this is the purpose of my letter, brother.

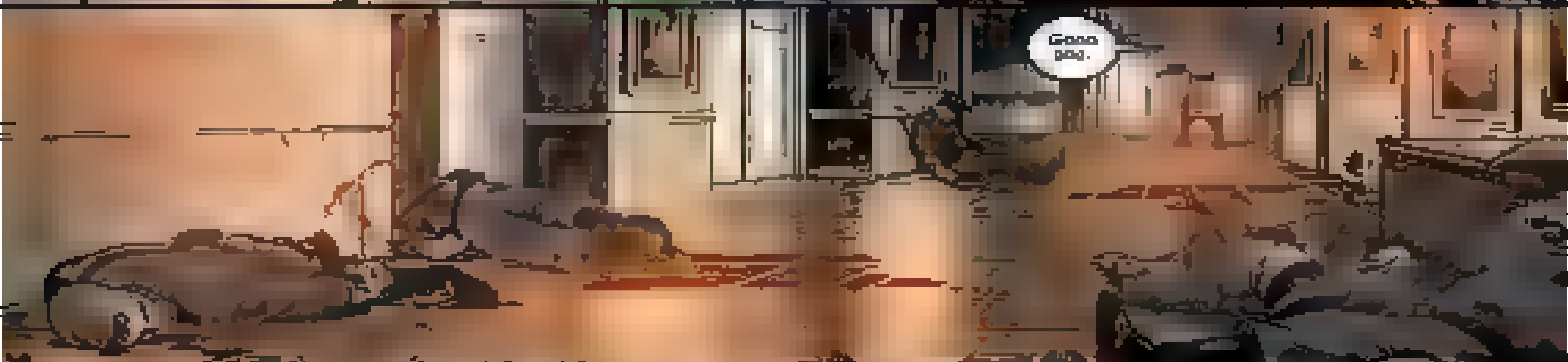
Although the Tsar has abdicated the throne, he and his family remain a threat to all we love, but a long banner of a dead ruling class.

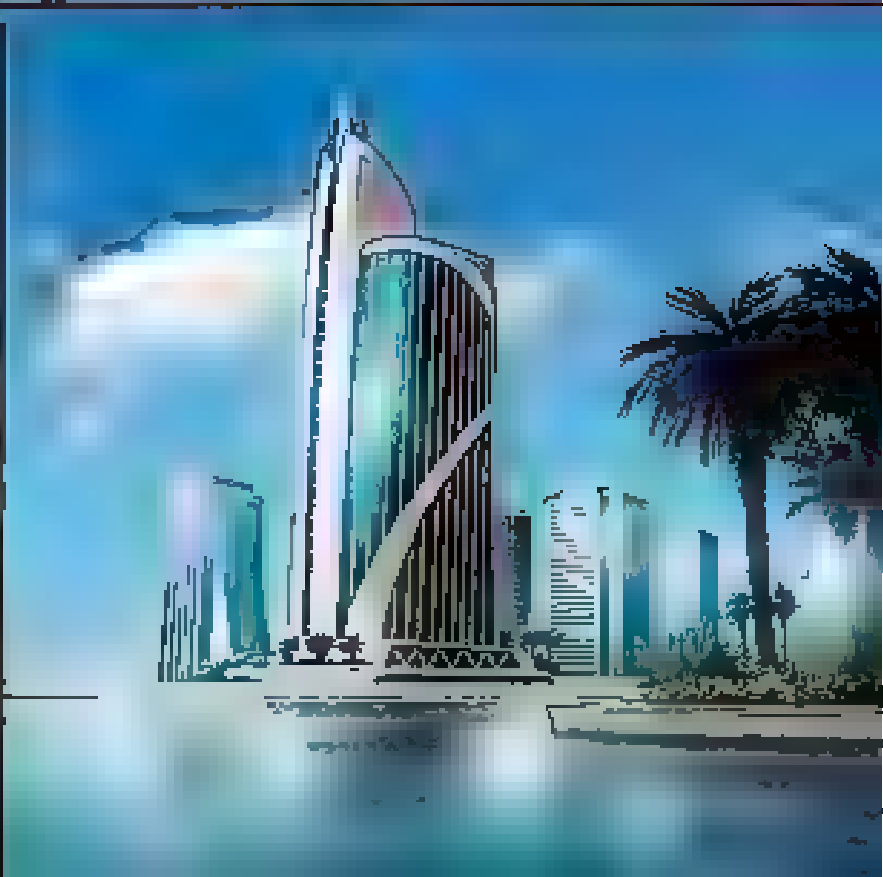
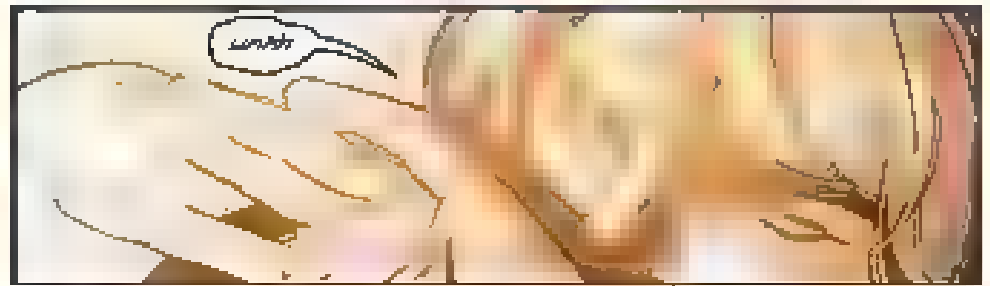
Know that your responsibilities are delegated from within your Order, and while the Brotherhood may no longer consider Nicholas a threat to all, I appeal to our sense of justice and national pride.

Dispose of this last symbol of imperialism, once and for all, and let us be done with it! The Royal family will have been moved from the palace and will no doubt be waiting on word from England for asylum, urge you to act before they are permitted to leave the country.

The future of Russia depends on you, and I contact you upon my arrival to congratulate your success in person.

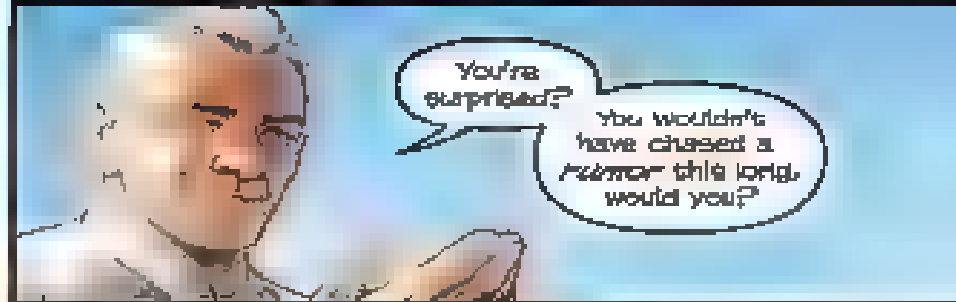
Regards to your family. Adieu.
Yours always,
V.I. Lenin







Oh my god. It's you. You *do* exist



You're surprised?

You wouldn't have chased a *rumor* this long, would you?



Some of the others tried to tell me I was wasting my time, but I knew I couldn't give up the search.

I just didn't think it would end with being *abducted*.



Forgive the irregular procedure of appointment. One can never be too careful in my position.

At least my men remembered to dress you before delivering you.

Now that you're awake, we have much to discuss.

Including these *visions* of yours that I've heard so much about.

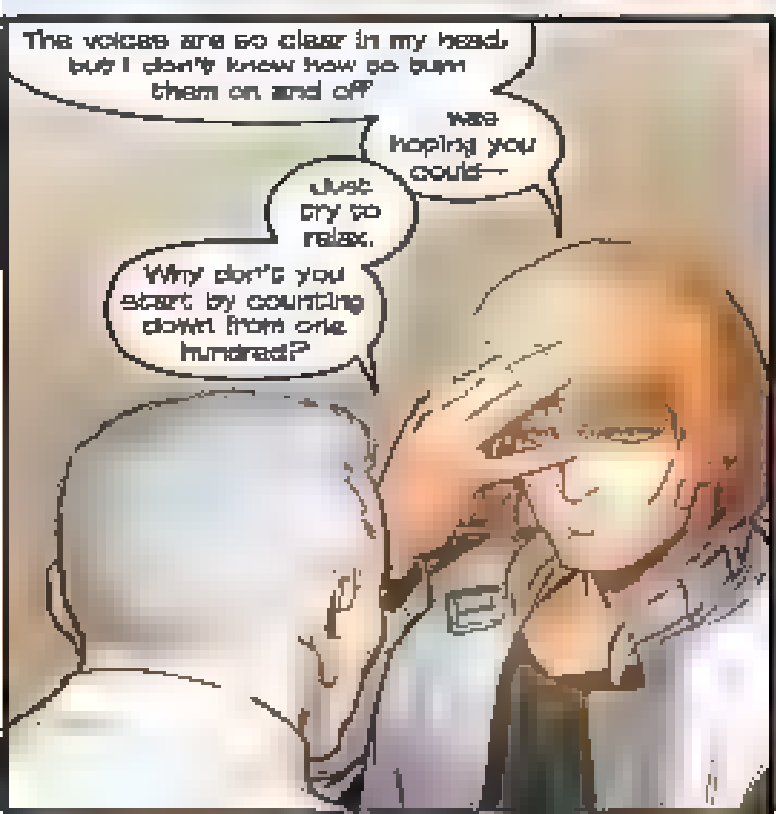
Do you have them too?

Is that how you've been calling to me?

I'm afraid *haven't* to my boy.

Whatever drove you to seek me is something within you.

But I am most eager to find out more. You might be of very unique value.

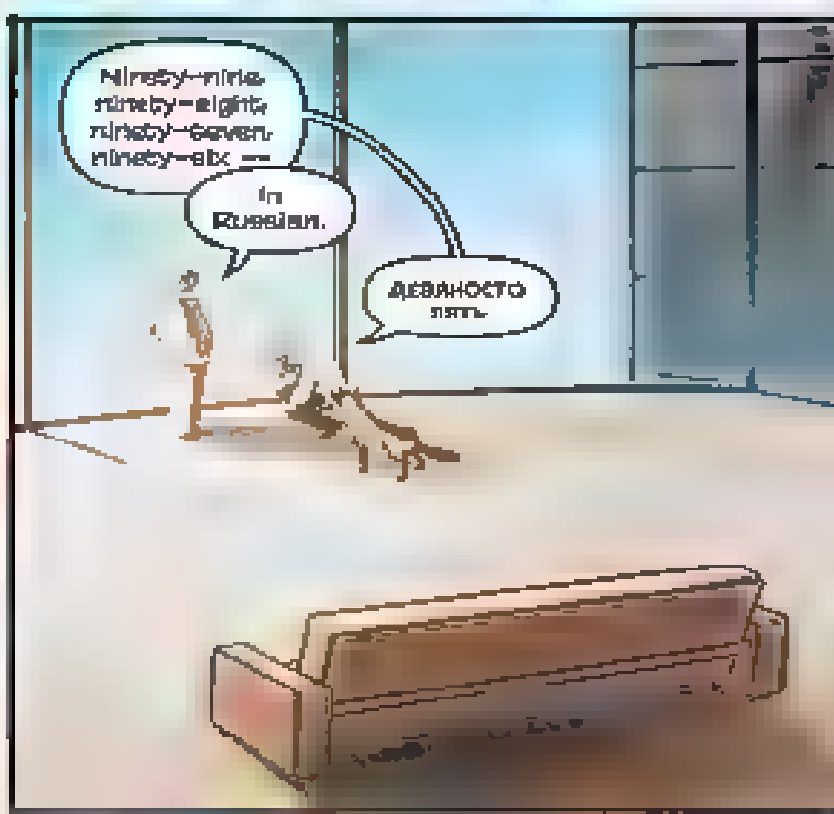


The voices are so clear in my head, but I don't know how to turn them on and off.

was hoping you could—

Just try to relax.

Why don't you start by counting down from one hundred?



Ninety-nine, ninety-eight, ninety-seven, ninety-six —

In Russian.

ДЕВЯНОСТО ПЯТЬ.



Remember
--My good, I remember
you at the door of our
train carriage, fighting
with my father before
the crash.

Remember your *hesitation*...
beg of you if you must kill me,
please spare my family as
you once spared his.

I'm
not here to
kill you.

I do
not care any
longer.

I'm
direct.

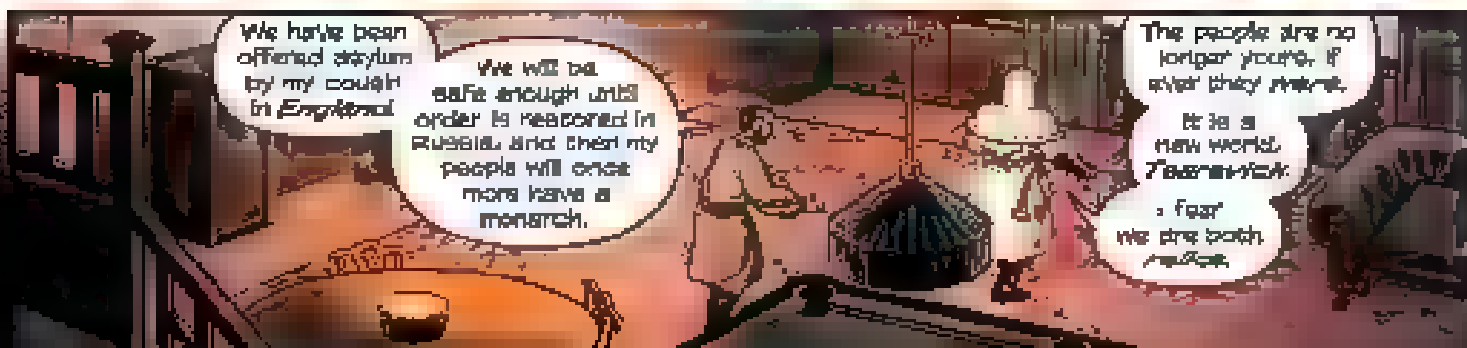


That accursed
staff was my
only concern.
I could not
rest with the
thought
that it
was still
intact.

Now that know it
is indeed a counterfals,
I am resigned.

You are
safe for
now.

But I assure
you, the next
man they send
to kill you will
not be so
objective.

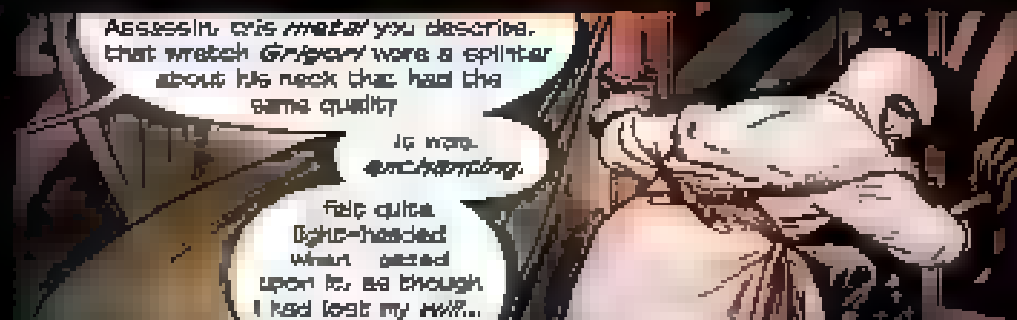


We have been
offered asylum
by my cousin
in *England*.

We will be
safe enough until
order is restored in
Russia, and then my
people will once
more have a
monarch.

The people are no
longer yours, if
ever they were.

It is a
new world,
Zemsvnik;
I fear
we are both
ruined.



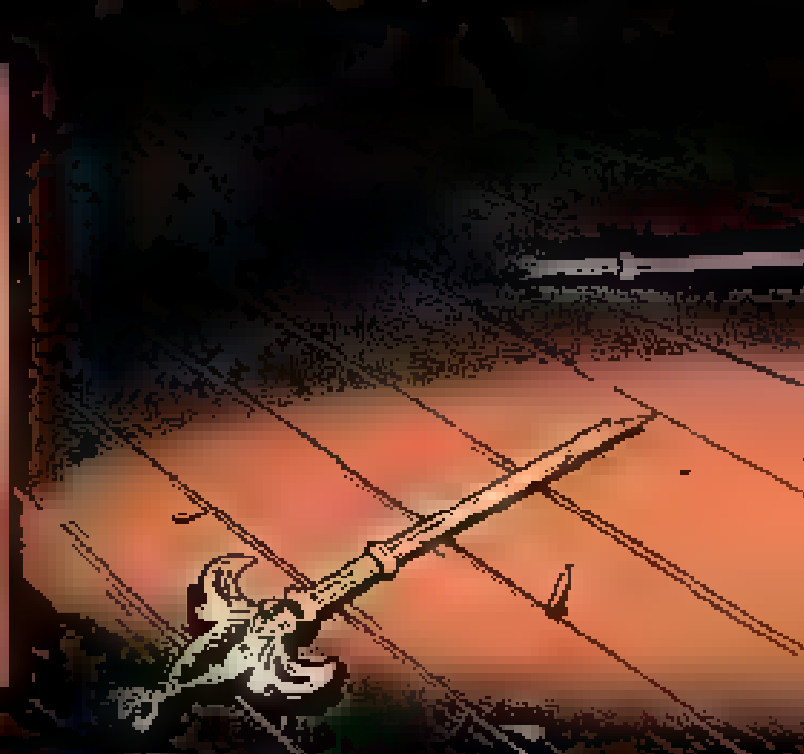
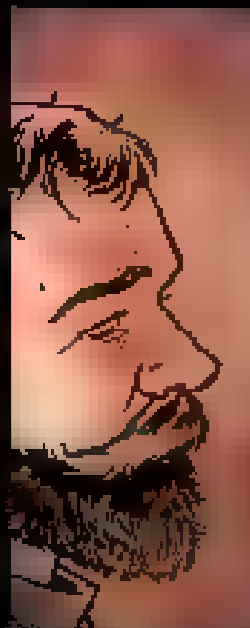
Assassin, this *metal* you describe,
that wretch *Grigori* wore a splinter
about his neck that had the
same quality.

It was
enchanted.

Felt quite
light-headed
when passed
upon it, as though
I had lost my will...



My wife
was especially
enamoured of
it.





It is
a fake.

No!
It is exactly as
you asked!

My father's
royal staff,
it has been in
our family for
generations—

It is
a forgery.
A shoddy
replica.



I have turned this
object for half of
my years.

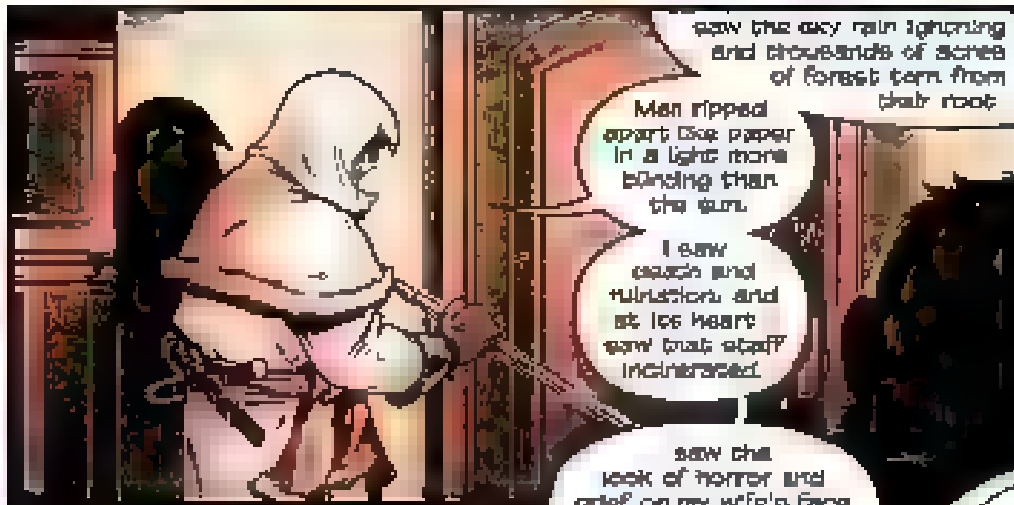
You
cannot possibly
imagine what I have
endured in my
pursuit.

The original was
unmistakable.

Edmund:

It
seemed to
have a light
shining from within,
like no metal I've
seen before
or since.

I peered
into it and saw
the sum of the
world and a glimpse
of what lies
beyond.



saw the sky rain lightning
and thousands of acres
of forest torn from
their roots

Men ripped
apart like paper
in a light more
blinding than
the sun.

I saw
death and
ruination, and
at its heart
saw that staff
incinerated.

saw the
look of horror and
grief on my wife's face
when I knelt before
her, bleached
and broken

And to
know a
spoke when I
see one.





...of my life I can
remember it just from
just before I died.

Forcibly.



The
lines of our
directions are
written in our
DNA, like a
book.

It's just a matter
of turning back the
pages and reading an
earlier chapter.

Theoretically
there is technology
that could assist
in this, but to be
able to access the
memories naturally is
unprecedented.

How is
it happening
to me?



I'm afraid
I have no
answer.

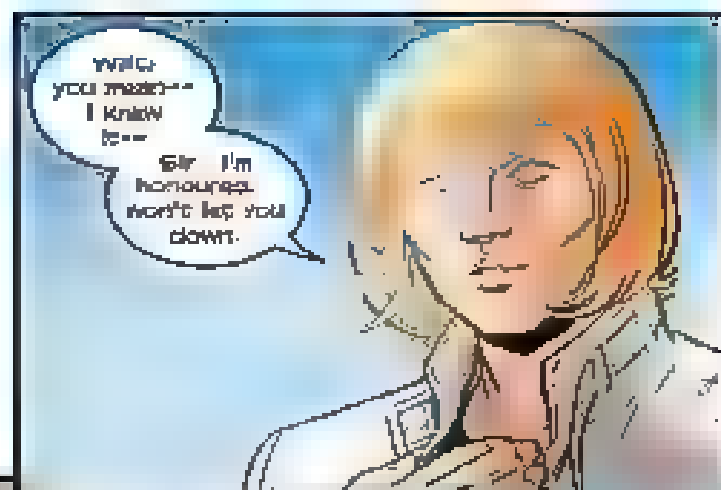
But
fortunately
have a great
many people under
my direction who
can help us
find one.

I can't believe this entire
global organization is being
led by one man.

There are
others, after
a fashion.

Each Mentor is
chosen by his predecessor
and induced to continue
his work, and the work of
every Mentor past.

It is
my duty
to find my
successor—
one very special,
remarkable person,
and appoint him as
my apprentice, so
that he may carry
on after I am gone.



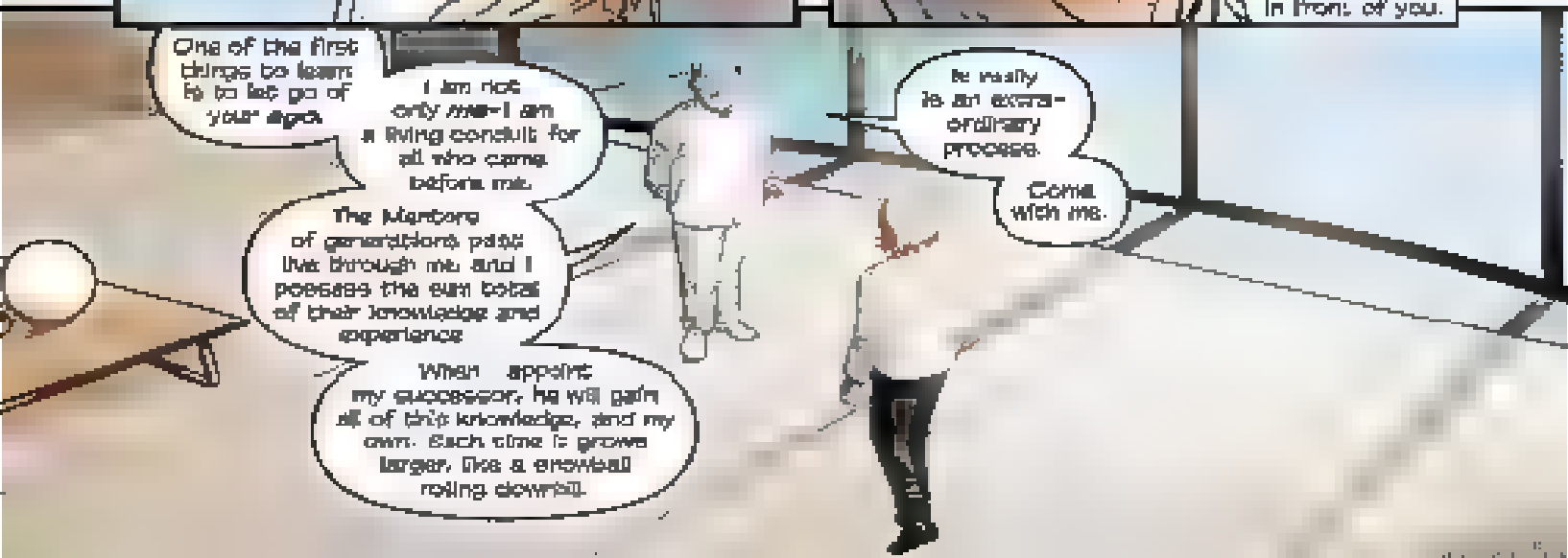
Will
you meet—
I know
it—

Sir, I'm
honoured.
Won't let you
down.



Heh.

Don't
get ahead
of yourself,
my boy.
You've
got potential
but there's a
long road yet
in front of you.



One of the first
things to learn
is to let go of
your ego.

I am not
only me—I am
a living conduit for
all who came
before me.

The Mentors
of generations past
live through me and I
possess the sum total
of their knowledge and
experience.

When I appoint
my successor, he will gain
all of this knowledge, and my
own. Each time it grows
larger, like a snowball
rolling downhill.

It really
is an extra-
ordinary
process.

Come
with me.



secret left priorities, the
Order's interest agenda
over the rest of needs
of the American people

So this
is American
HQ?

Oh, no,
this is only
one of many
offices I keep
all around the
world.

In order
to function
effectively, must
remain mobile and
disseminated
from my base-
stations.

If my
location were
known to the Templars,
it would be quite
problematic.

The Mentor's
role is to oversee
and coordinate the
actions of the Order
in the pursuit of
harmony through
free will.

In the
old days, that
usually meant killing
anyone who became
too powerful
or greedy.

That's
one discussion
you, yeah.

Since you're being
straightforward here, let
me ask a completely
no-evidence that

These days, it means
subversion of established
regimes.

I must always be three steps ahead of our enemies to
ensure that power is *balanced* and not *abused*.

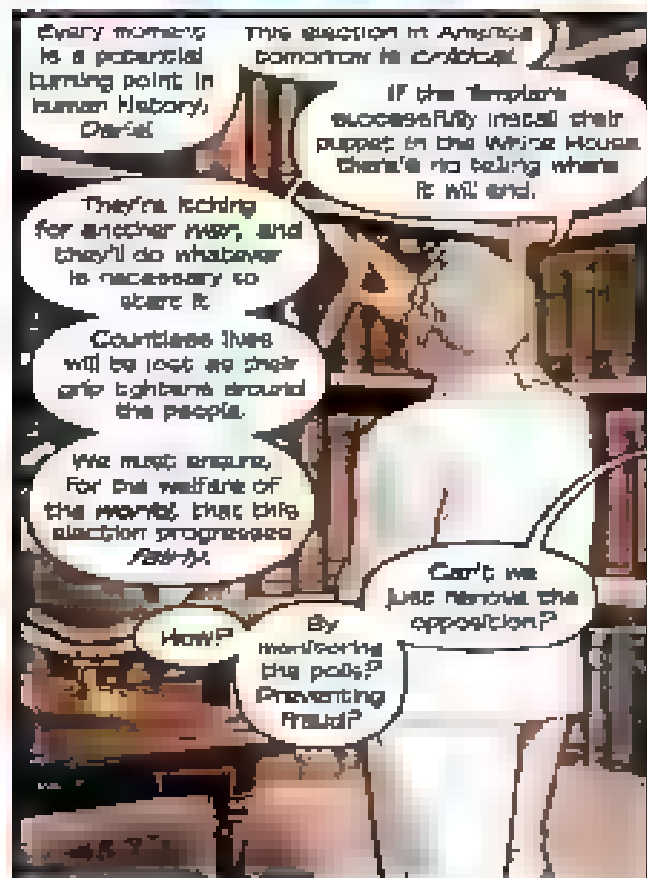
Countries. Corporations.
We change the system
from *within*.

I must be
everywhere at once,
forever vigilant.

If I am not-
if the Mentor fails
to see the bigger picture-
the entire course of
human evolution pays
the price.

And in Rome,
where the hall
before is intended
to take place.

Further down, would
be you in America,
masters of crucial
philosophy.



Every moment
is a potential
turning point in
human history,
Daniel.

This question in America
tomorrow is critical.

If the Templars
successfully install their
puppet in the White House,
there's no telling where
it will end.

They're looking
for another war, and
they'll do whatever
is necessary to
start it.

Countless lives
will be lost as their
grip tightens around
the people.

We must ensure,
for the welfare of
the world, that this
election progresses
fairly.

How?

By
monitoring
the polls?
Preventing
fraud?

Can't we
just remove the
opposition?



We inspire
change by example,
Mr. Cross.

Not by
force.

Not any
more.

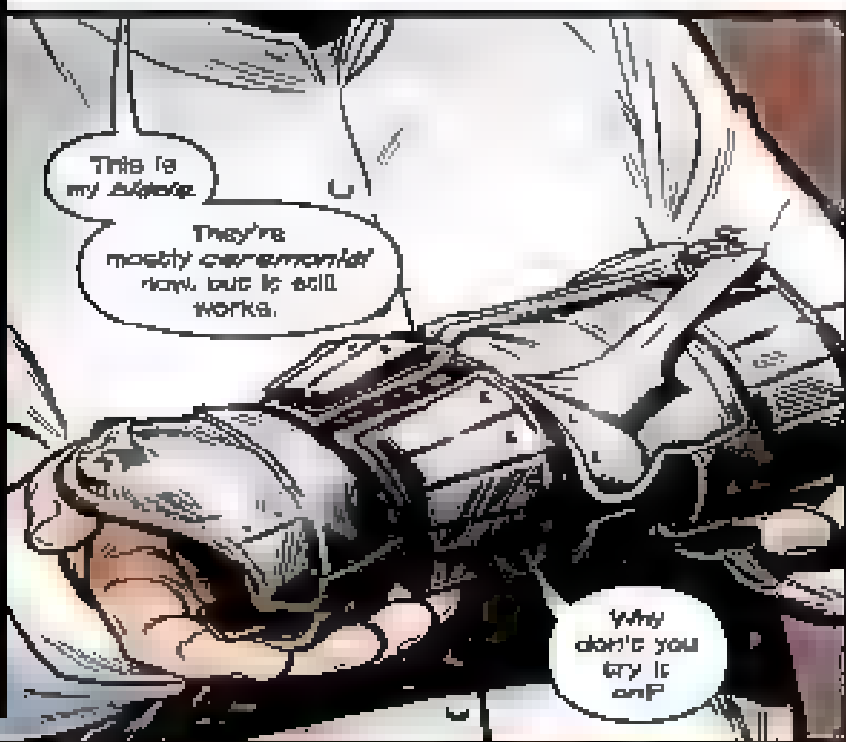


Give a man
a chance to act
honorably, without
manipulation, and
he usually will.

For the
sake of
humanity,
we have to believe
that.



I think
it's time I
showed you
this.



This is
my *blip*.

They're
mostly ceremonial
now, but it still
works.

Why
don't you
try it
on?



..are you
giving this to
me?

Is it
mine?



You've
earned it.

Welcome to
the *Assassin*.

Welcome
to the Order of
Assassins.



I feel like...
like I was made
to wear this.

Like I
was made
to wear it.

I feel
like every step
of my life has led
me to this
moment.



We do have
our purpose, Daniel.
You're becoming
clear to you.

It's a very
good thing you're
on our side.

You're very
special.

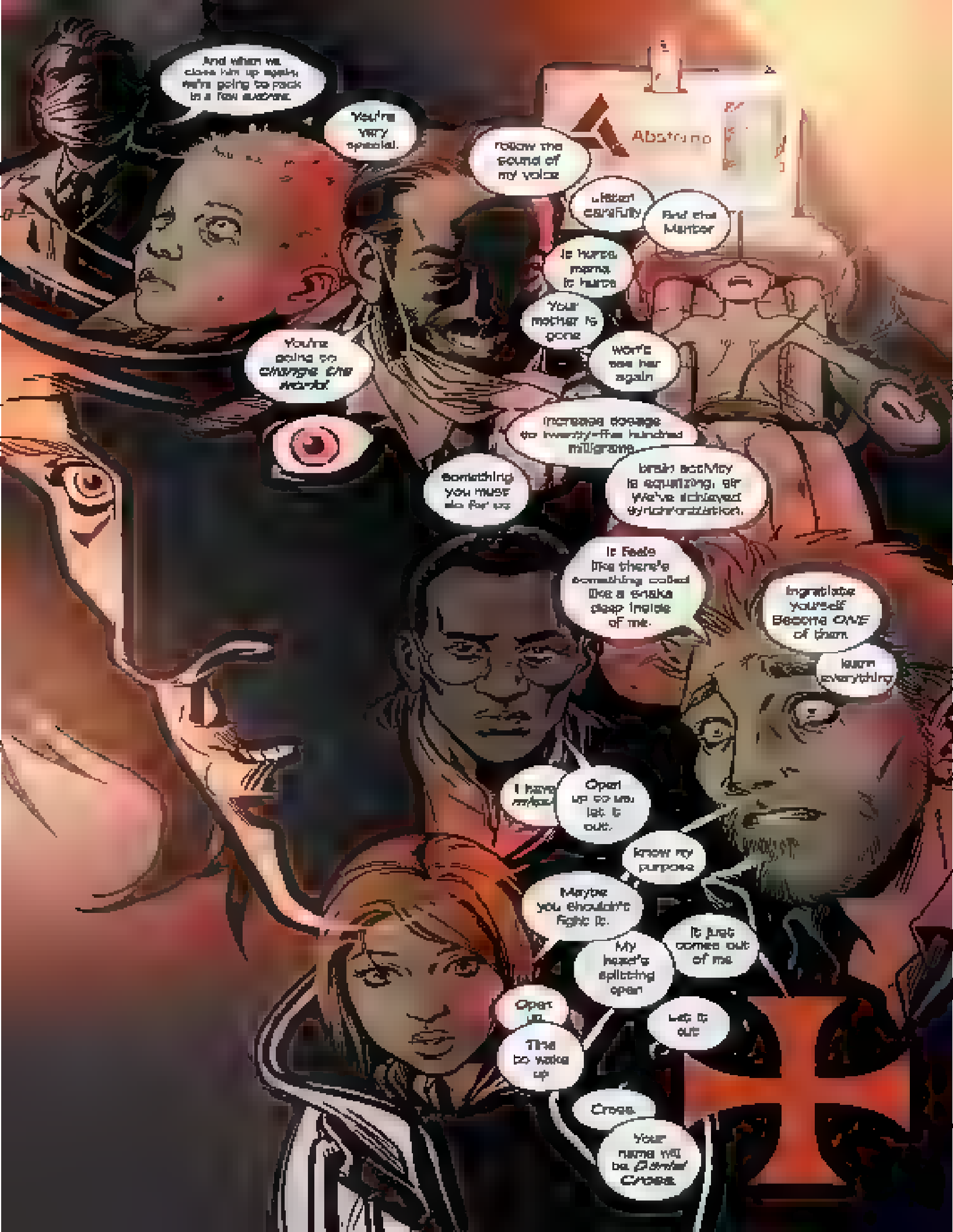


Let's
go, Mike.
Come.

What
did you
say?



We're going
to level this up
and see what's
inside.



And when we close him up again, we're going to pack in a few neurons.

You're very special.

Follow the sound of my voice

Listen carefully

And the number

Is there, mama, is there

Your mother is gone

We're not her again

You're going to change the world

Increasing dosage to twenty-five hundred milligrams

Something you must do for us

Brain activity is squinting, sir. We've achieved synchronization.

It feels like there's something called like a snake sleep inside of me.

Ingratiate yourself. Become one of them.

Learn everything

I have no idea

Open up so you let it out.

Know my purpose

Maybe you shouldn't fight it.

My head's splitting open

It just comes out of me

Open up

Time to wake up

Let it out

Cross

Your name will be *Glenn* Cross.

Climb their
rocks until
you can go
no higher

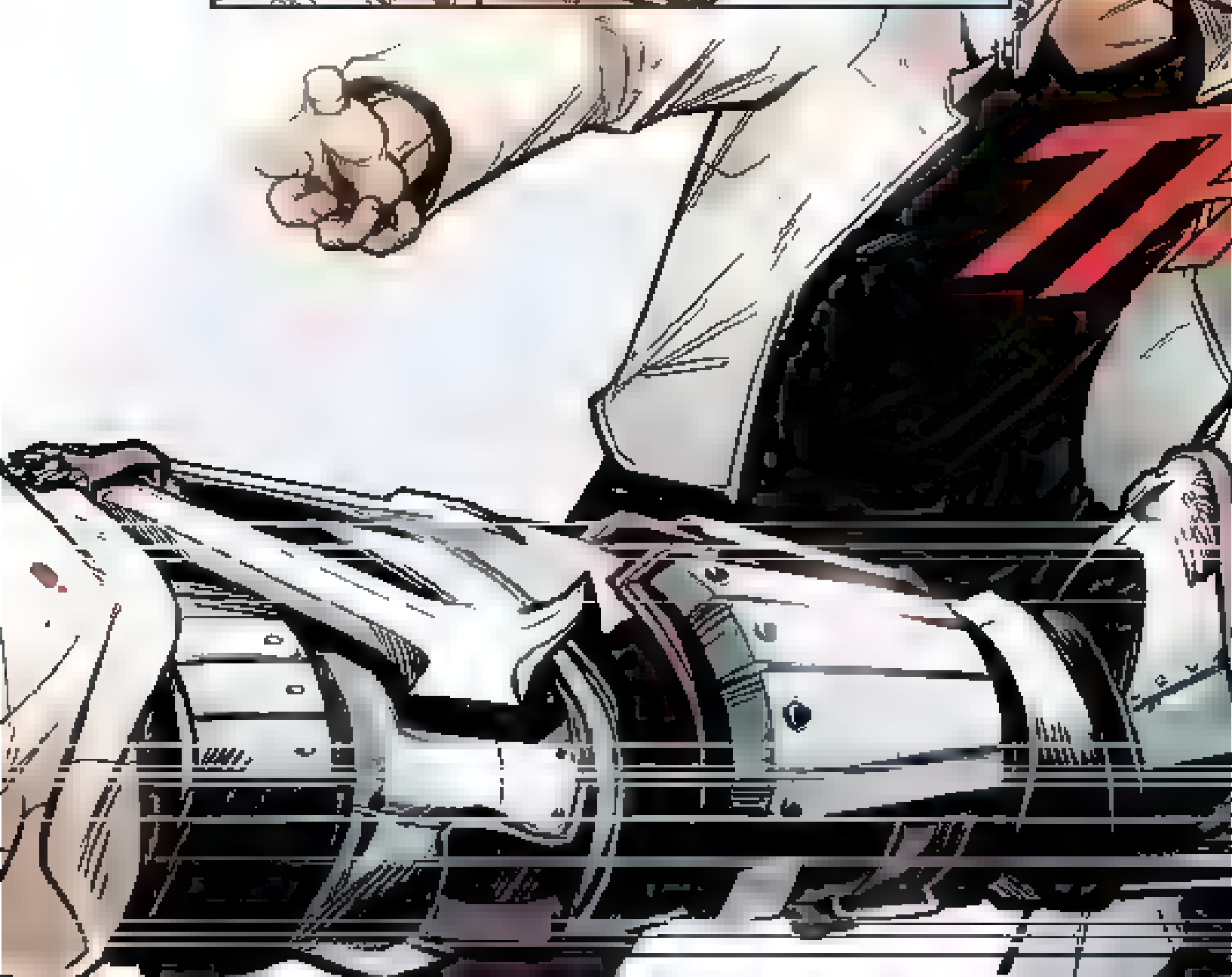


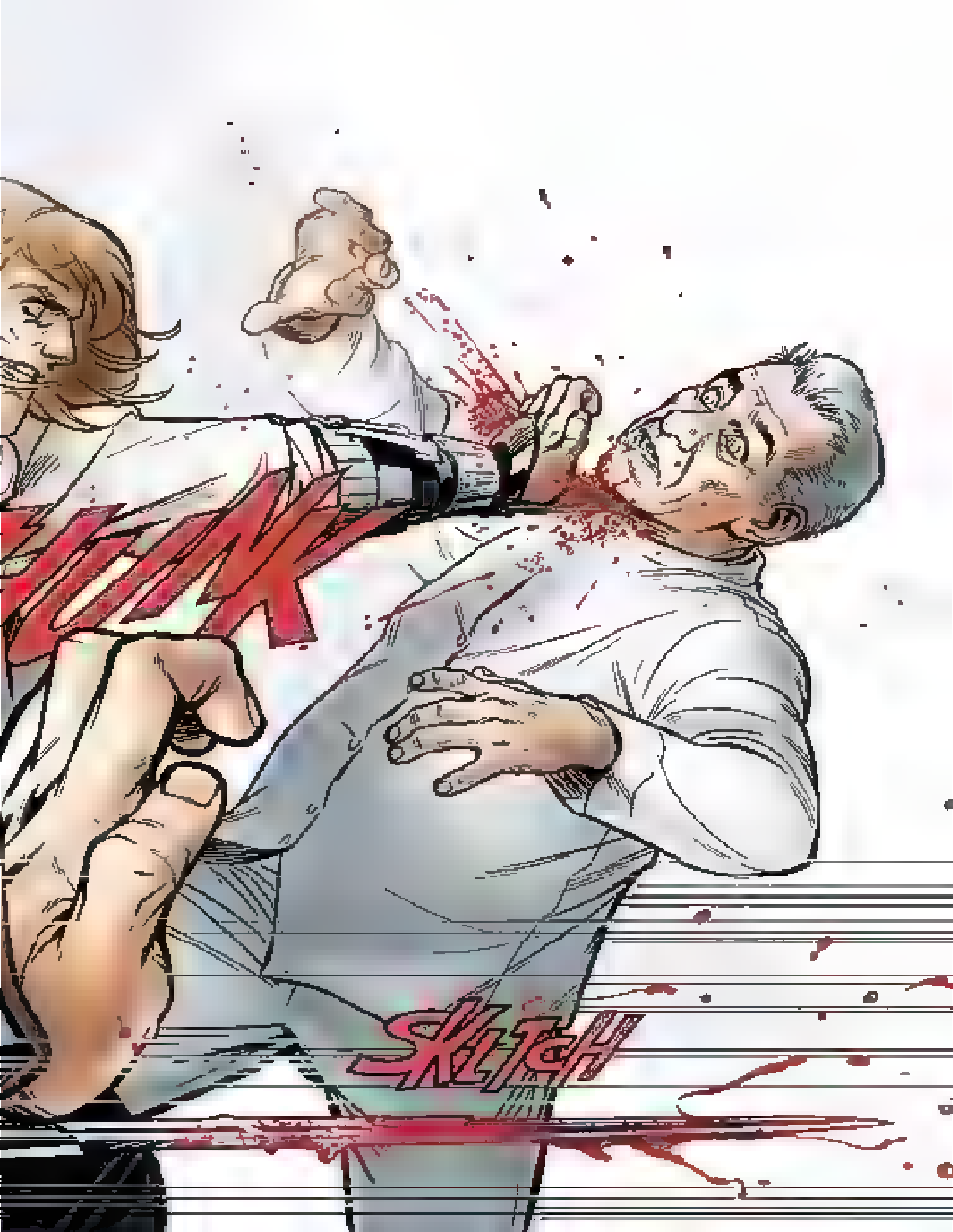
and
STRIKE

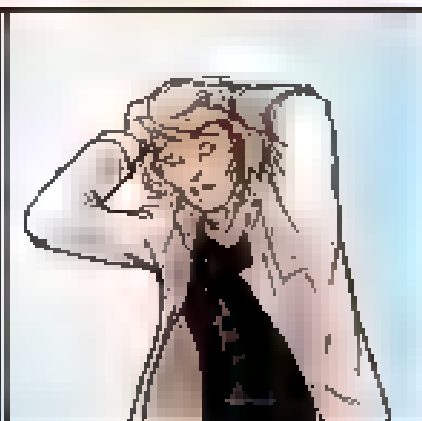
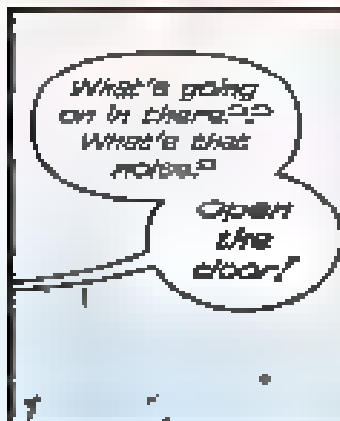
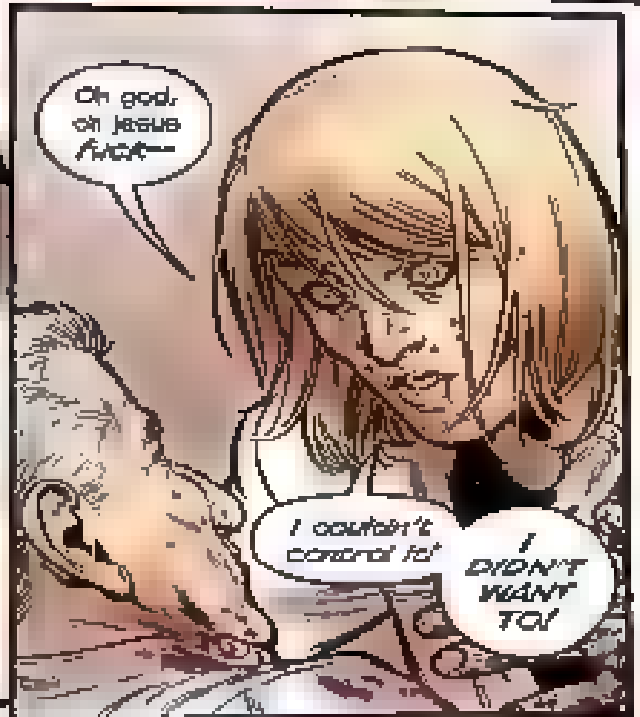
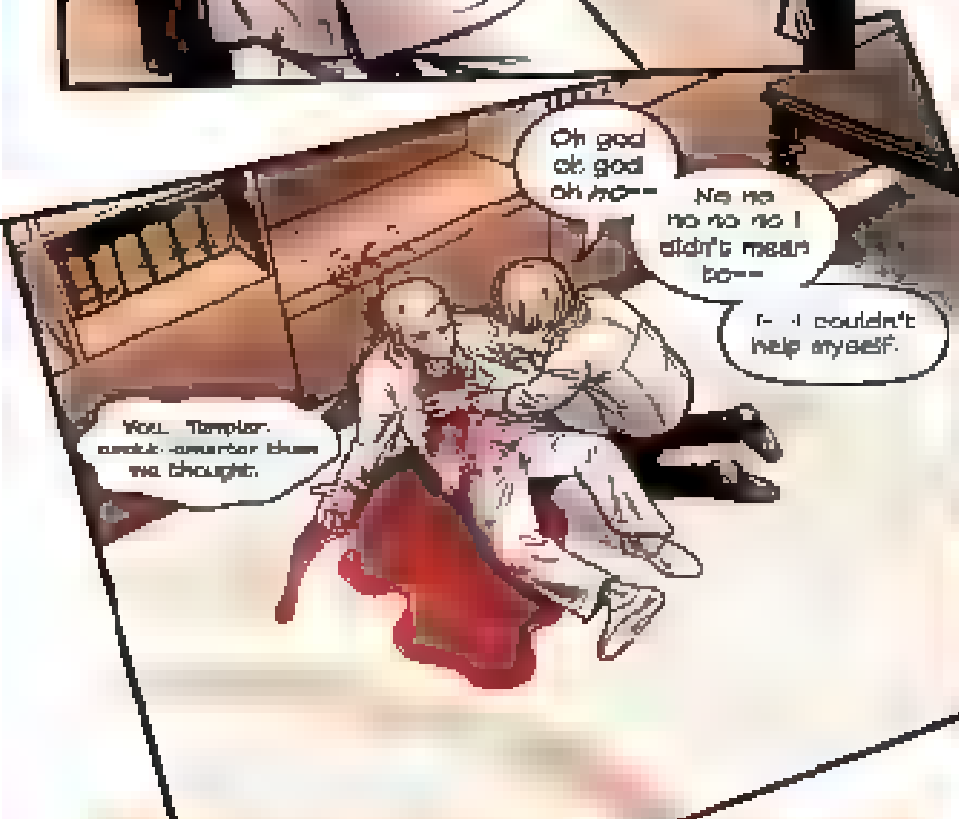
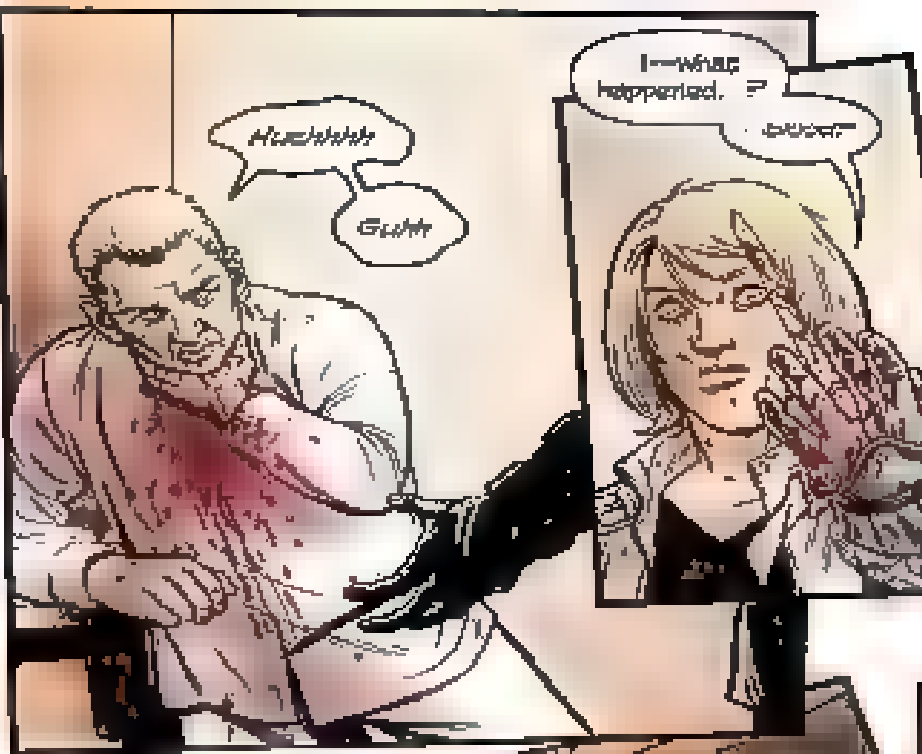


Hm?

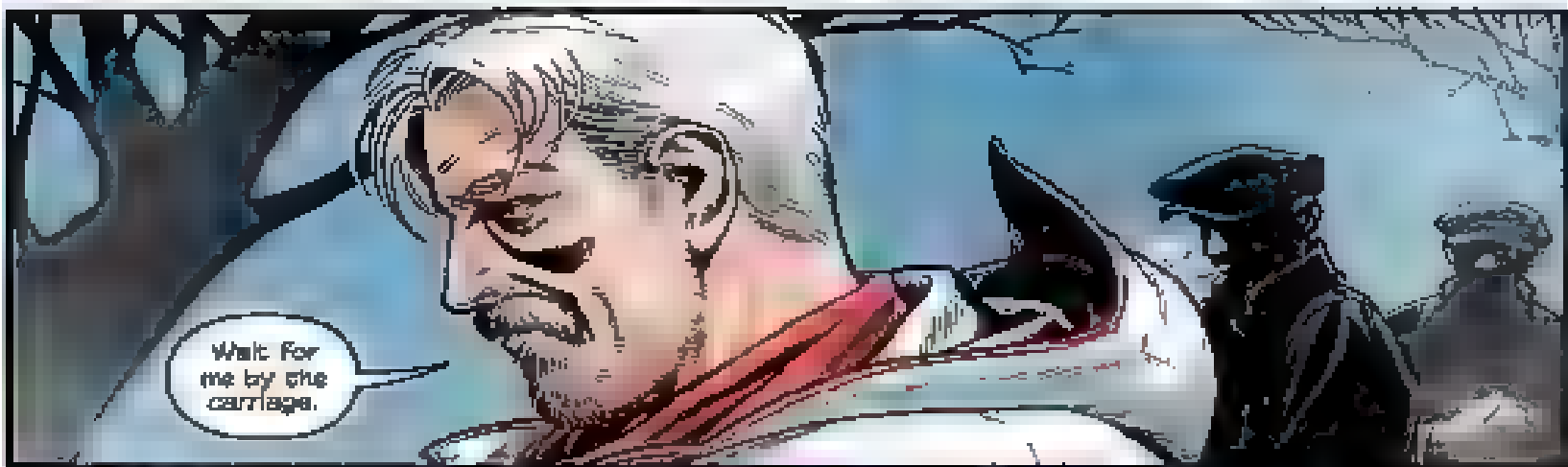
Ah





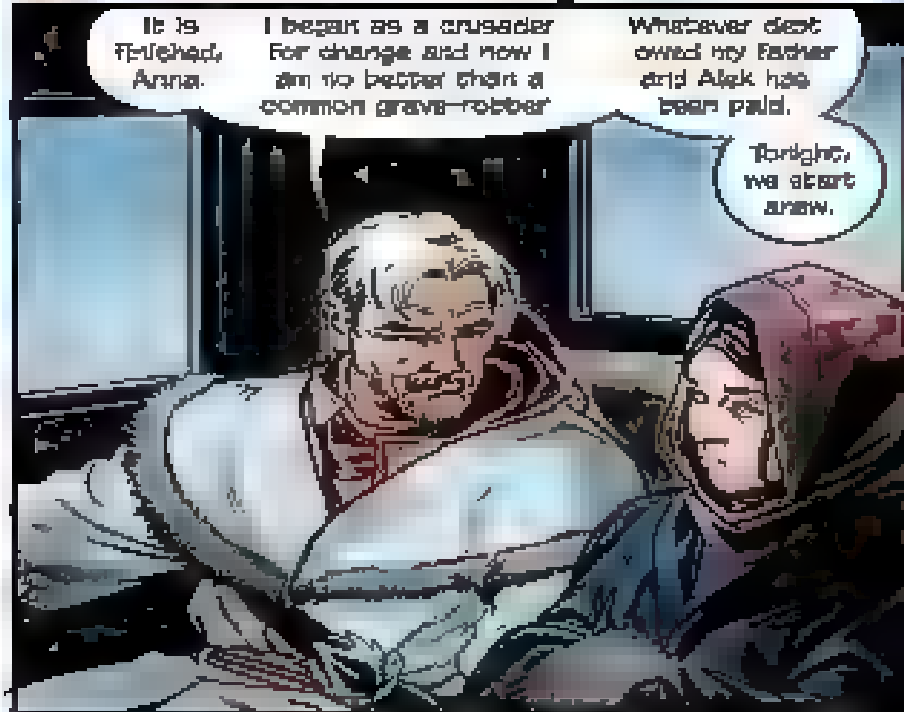








Burn the body.



It is finished, Anna.

I began as a crusader for change and now I am no better than a common grave-robber.

Whatever debt owed my father and Alek has been paid.

Tonight, we start anew.



Fear for our escape, Kolya.

The war no one has been allowed to cross Russia's borders.

We will get through.

We will leave this place, and they will stand aside.



Papa? Where are we going?



Home, my little snowflake.



We are going home.

From: Vicki Warren
To: Rikki, Alan
CC: Kulkarni, David
Nicko, Huncy
Subject: Homecoming

As you may already be aware, Animus Project Subject 4, code-name Daniel Cross, has at long last returned to our Philadelphia research Facility.

I am pleased to report that despite the many years that have passed since we released him into the wild, Cross followed his programming precisely and unwaveringly, and after successful infiltration was able to eliminate the strategic command of the Assassin Order.

With the information retrieved from Cross, we now may mobilize tactical teams to initiate strikes on Assassin compounds globally.



We have turned over a rock and sent the insects scurrying, but we will stomp on them before they can hide again. I am confident that we will soon witness the fall of the Order of Assassins, and we may fulfill our ambitions unimpeded.

How could we be here supposed to help us—

Move people, **MOVE!**

We have to evacuate immediately!

That bastard's been to every training camp we have, all over the world!

They know where we are!

Adams had a certain sense of almost fatherly pride, seeing our boy grown and carrying on our work.

Indeed, any lingering attachment to his deceased parents has dissolved and he has come to regard Abstergo as his home.



Despite this, Cross was extremely agitated upon his return and made several insistent requests to be returned to the Amma device.

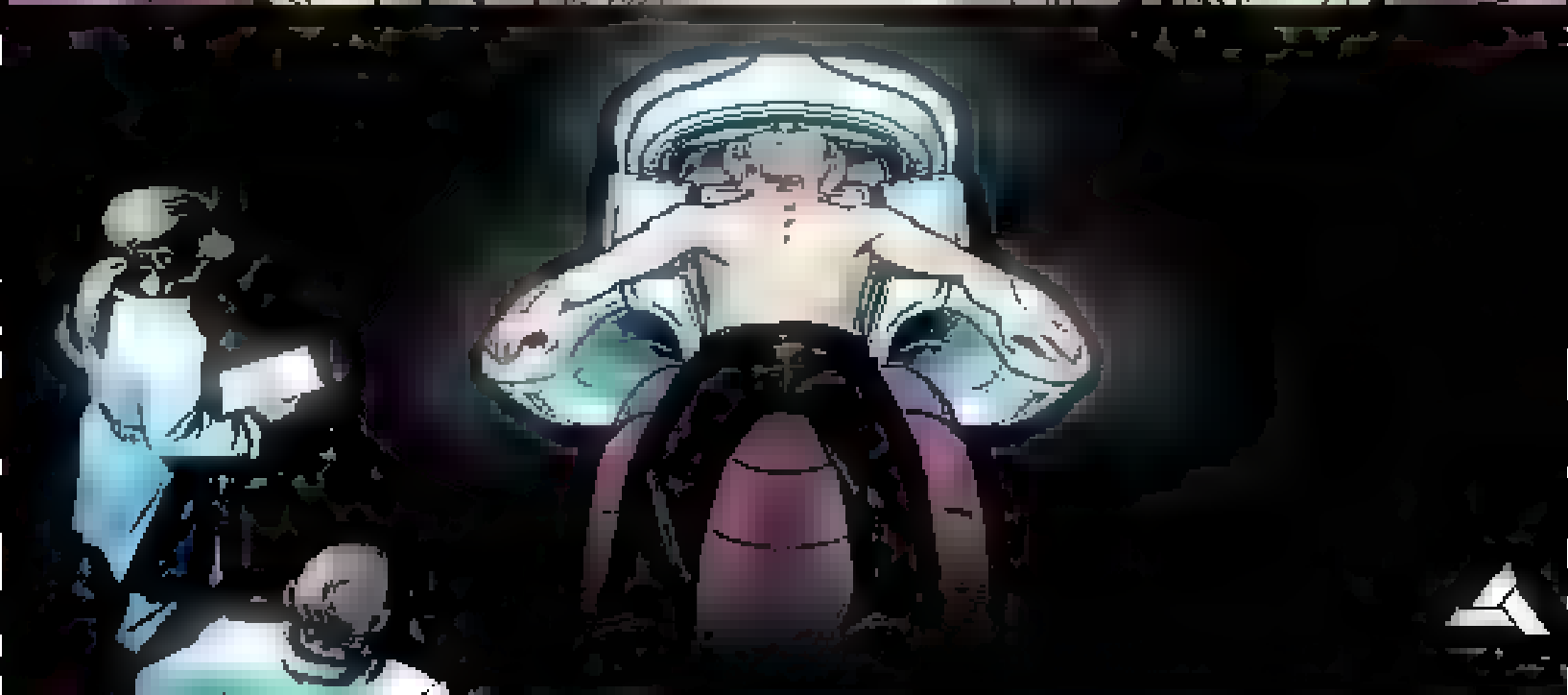
2 0.
An attack on an unfortunate secretary convinced us of his urgency.

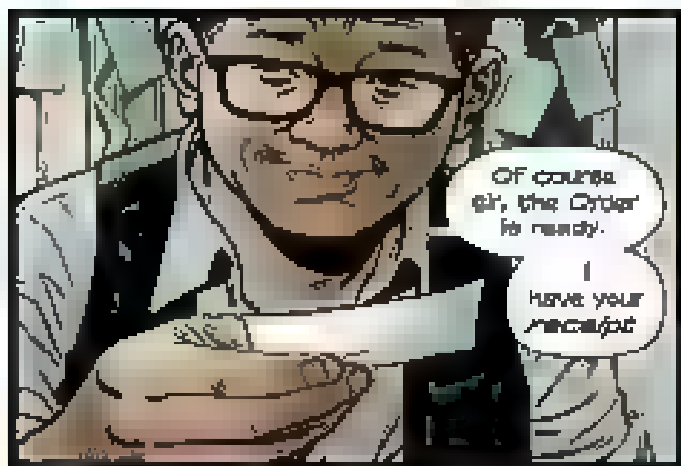
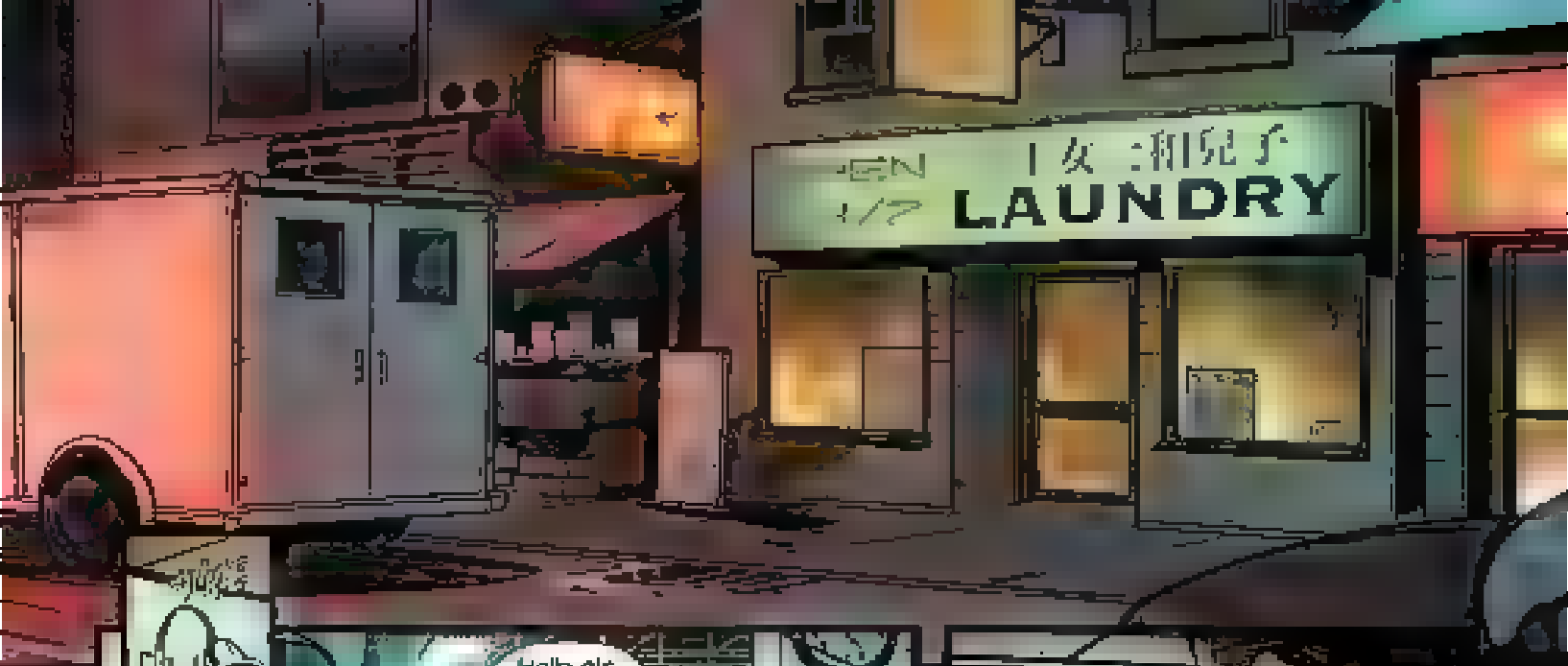


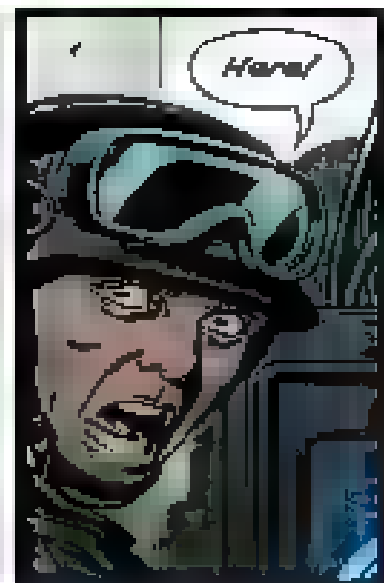
Inserting him into the device proved to have a calming effect and it is my recommendation that he remain connected for the time being.

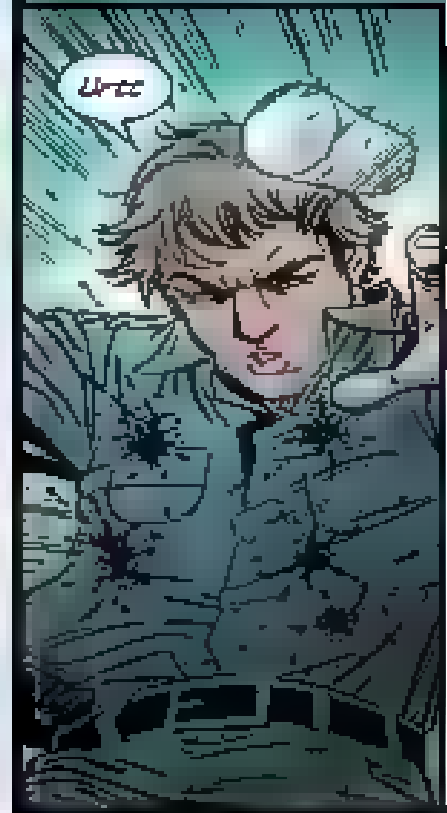
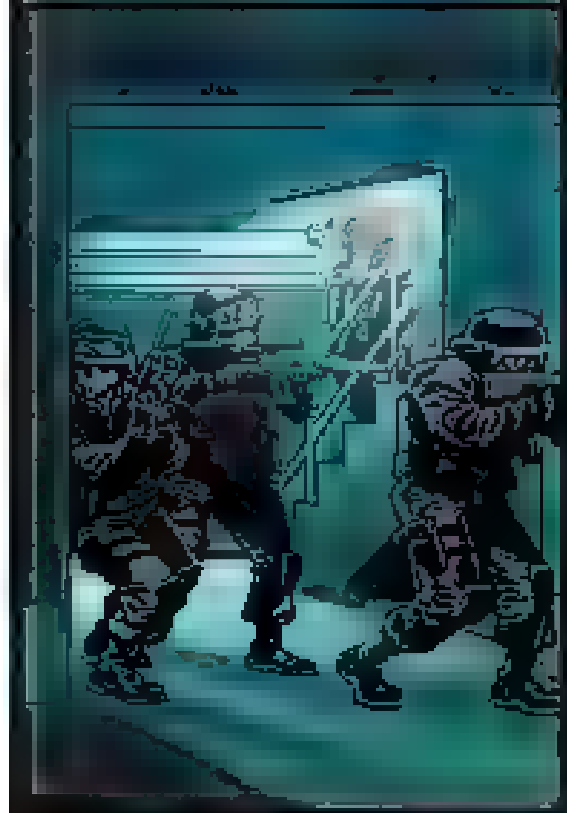


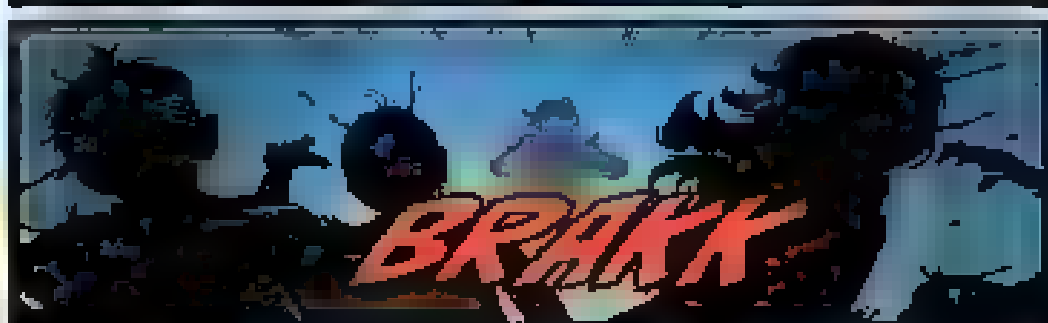
He is with his family now.

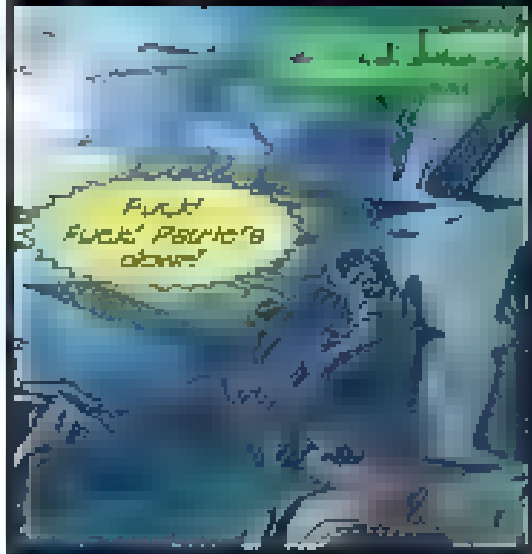


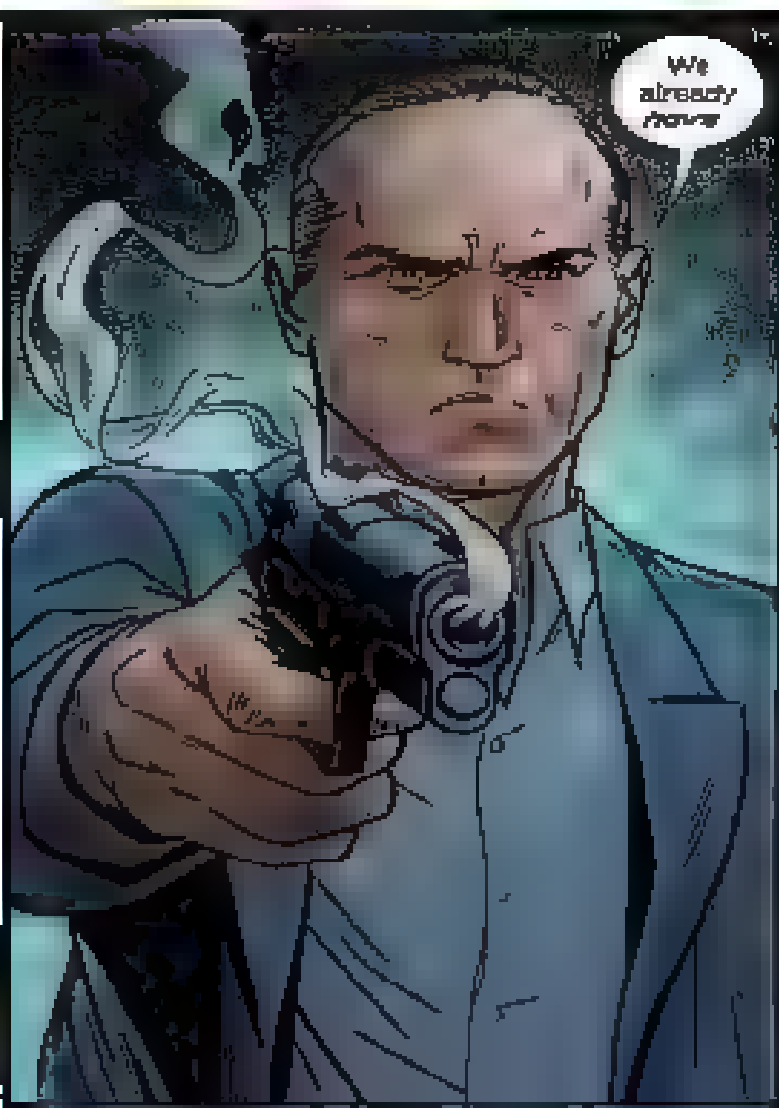
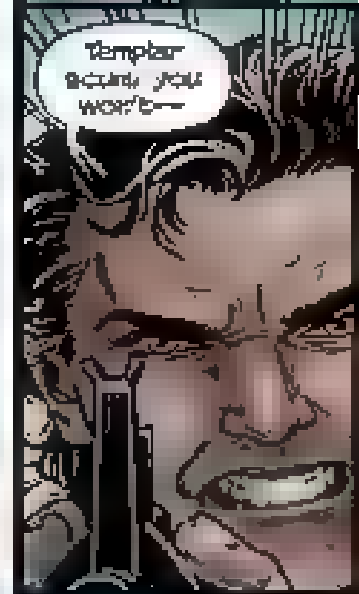


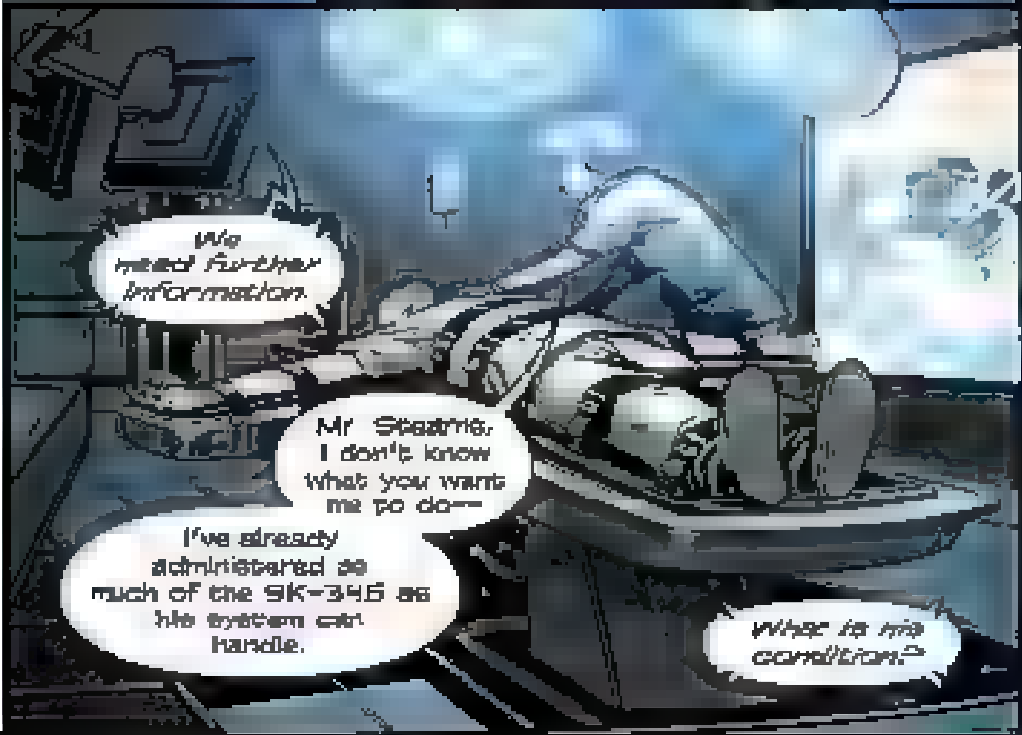












We need further information.

Mr. Spaulding, I don't know what you want me to do--

I've already administered as much of the 9K-345 as his system can handle.

What is his condition?



He's holding stable, but he's exhausted.

We've been extracting information from him for almost 18 hours straight.



Um.

Time is short. Increase the dosage.



I can't risk that!

He's a human being, he could die!



He is an asset of this corporation, doctor. He is our property and we will decide how he is best used.



You, however, are merely an employee. As such, you can easily be terminated.



I'm sorry, Daniel...



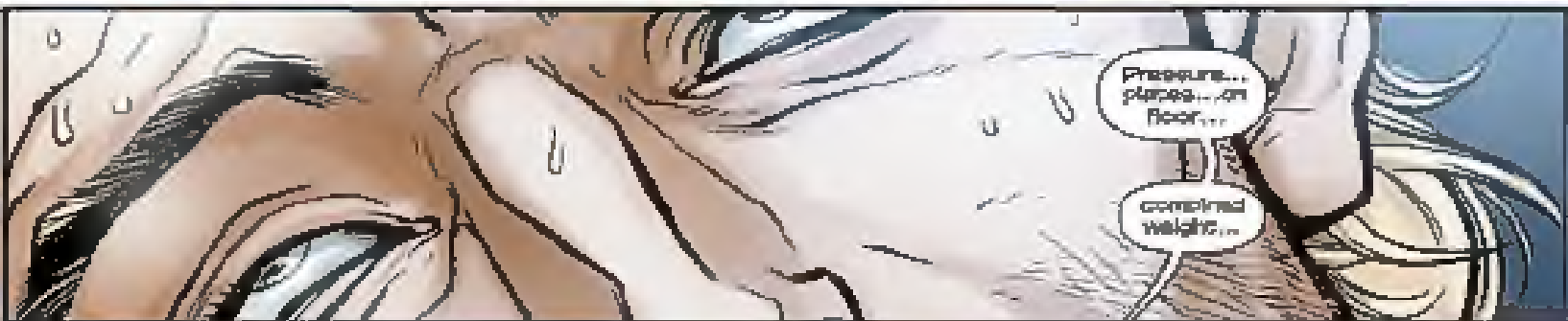
HRRNGGGG

Now I need you to think carefully...



How do they access the basement in the Philadelphia safehouse?

They can't find a way in...



Pressure... places... on floor...

combined weight...



There's your answer. I'm returning him to his room now.

Stay where you are, doctor, and await confirmation.



Taurus team, did you see that?



Affirmative, Control. In position.

KCHK



ASSASSIN'S CREED THE CHAIN



COMING SOON

UBISOFT ENTERTAINMENT presents a UBIWORKSHOP production in association with STUDIO LOUNAK
NIKOLAJ ORELOV - DANIEL CROSS - WARREN VIDIC story by CAMERON STEWART and KARL KERSCHL
artwork by CAMERON STEWART and KARL KERSCHL colours by NADINE THOMAS
directed by SERGE LaPOINTE executive-producer SEBASTIEN PUEL producer JULIEN CUNY
universe advisor JEAN GUESDON and COREY MAY based on the videogames ASSASSIN'S CREED
from UBISOFT MONTREAL



UBISOFT

ASSASSIN'S
CREED

UBIWORKSHOP